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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

NAPOLEON III.

A FRESH discussion has lately sprung up in this country touching the character and deeds of the remarkable man who governs France. We call the discussion fresh rather than new, for the reason that it is of periodic recurrence, and also because the interest which attaches to the subject always lends to it something of the attraction of novelty. Our interest in the Emperor may be described as of a threefold character. From the historical, the international, and the psychological points of view his figure is alike imposing, unique, and mysterious. No foreign historical personage since the national existence began has ever had anything like the popularity with Americans that has attached to the name of Napoleon I.; and this popularity, attracted largely by the splendor of his achievements, but owing much of its force to his life-long hostility to England, descended as of legitimate right to his nephew. Apart, then, from the influence of his own extraordinary personal qualities, the present Emperor may be said to have succeeded to a powerful hold upon the feelings and imaginations of the American people. The American people like force, and they dislike England. Napoleon I. was the ideal and the practical exponent of these two passions; and Napoleon III., even had it been possible to consider him merely as a colorless individual, was to American eyes his uncle's appropriate successor. There seems something paradoxical in this affection of a democratic people for an imperial dynasty, but it seems so only. The Bonapartes sprang from the people, and have held power always in theory, and usually in fact, by the suffrage of the masses. The pet American hatred is an oligarchy, a privileged class of any sort, and not a unit who, whatever his title, presides by consent over a democratic society. A broad tradition that Napoleon, cruel only to aristocrats, rescued France from tyranny, the feeling that, somehow, the Napoleonic spirit and instincts were on the popular side, has sustained the predilection we speak of; and it has been clung to, with some superstition, perhaps, even among the educated classes, in a way the tenacity of which reminds one of the Americans who are assured of the continued earthly existence of President Jackson, and of the Frenchmen who as firmly believe in the identity of the Third and the First Napoleon.

Two things have undoubtedly militated against the strong prepossession with which in this country the name of Napoleon is regarded—the *Coup d'état* and the alliance with England against Russia. Of these the first has generally been regarded as most important and obnoxious. We must, however, be permitted to say, in all candor, that, so far as mere numbers go, we think a greater proportion of Americans have been displeased by the second than by the first; and that we have heard more popular indignation at the *Coup d'état* expressed in the United States since the Mexican expedition than ever before. Among the more intelligent, however, the intellects that sooner or later, by mere dint of percolation, must sway the masses, the feeling is different, and, as time rolls on, appears constantly to become a more exactly opposite one. The reason for this is not only natural, but in some aspects it is undeniably just. The whole subject of the *Coup d'état* revolves around the old, delicate question as to how far in any given action the end proposed justifies the means. Now, the merits of the action of the Prince-President are to be estimated by the beneficial results of the reign of the Emperor. The longer that reign continues giving France those blessings of stable government, protection to life and property, encouragement of national industry and increase of national wealth she so sorely needed, the more is to be justly said in extenuation of the policy that brought such blessings about. The Emperor may be a very wicked man, but if he has made forty millions of his fellow-beings substantially better off than they would

have been without him, it is not easy precisely to define either the justice or the limits of his condemnation. At any rate, if good ends do ever justify questionable means, it cannot be denied that the more complete and unmistakable the accomplishment of those ends, and the longer the period of their successful operation, the more complete is the justification of the means whereby they have been attained.

We should not forget, moreover, that the situation in France is modified by circumstances which are among the last republicans should lose sight of. Right or wrong, the French nation endorsed, by the votes that first made him President for ten years and then affirmed to him the title of Emperor, the course he had pursued. If harm had been done by that course, it was done to the people of France rather than to any others; and if the people of France thought themselves injured, they have certainly taken a very singular way of showing it. They may have been stultified, misled, deficient in clairvoyance; and so may we have been in coercing, by force of arms, the Southern Confederacy; but in either case, the action taken was dictated by the will of the people. That this is vehemently denied by the respective partisans of the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, by socialists and red-republicans, is no doubt true; and a denial of precisely the same character was made during our late war by such publications as *The Day Book* and *The Old Guard*. They declared it was not the will of the people that the insurrection should be suppressed, or that the Union should not be divided. Nevertheless, the insurrection was suppressed and the Union remains whole. Now, such sheets as *L'Avenir* and *Le Temps*, which stand in a relation of hostility to the French government similar to that occupied by the papers above named to our own government during the war, stand in a very different relation to the French people. The number of our Copperheads was much greater, relatively speaking, than that of the disaffected Frenchmen represented by *L'Avenir* and *Le Temps*. We could readily adduce proofs of this assertion, but there is, after all, a broad and philosophic evidence which overshadows and includes all mere details. France is governed at this moment by public opinion rather than by Napoleon III. No sovereign ever reigned who was so sensitively alive to this impalpable yet tremendous force, so sagaciously prompt in recognizing its behests. And here is the supreme secret of his power. The Emperor rules France long, successfully, and well, because public opinion and his own will are virtually one and the same thing.

This, it will be admitted, is practical, if not nominal, democracy, and throws a light upon what is sometimes imperfectly discerned. Many among ourselves are apt to take impressions respecting France and her ruler from English sources, and England since Lord Palmerston's death is by no means so cordial toward France as she once was. Jealousies springing from incidents of the Crimean war, jealousies of which Mr. Kinglake's venomous book may be called a concentrated national expression, have been for a long time widening the breach between the two countries, and their old traditional hatred gives tokens of renewed vitality. A letter recently written by Mr. Henry Wikoff to a Washington journal, and which has been extensively copied by the press, forcibly illustrates the foregoing and several other interesting points in the same connection. Mr. Wikoff, who has lately seen the Emperor, declares that he was never in better health at any period of his life than at present; yet we all know how the pseudo-revolutionists of Paris, and their English sympathizers, are constantly assuring the world that Napoleon III. is positively in the most critical condition and certain speedily to succumb to disease, and how we have all been led, innocently enough, to give credit and circulation to these reports. Mr. Wikoff further states that the influence of such papers as those we have mentioned with the middle and artisan classes of Paris is habitually exaggerated, and that, in short, a false color is given for selfish purposes to most of the Parisian news that we receive. It is well, therefore, to accept all such intelligence hereafter with suitable grains of salt. Meanwhile, there are happily some things concerning France about which we may say that we are absolutely certain. We are certain that the *Coup d'état*, pronounced so atrocious an action by many interested and

some disinterested persons, was subsequently approved by an overwhelming majority of the French people. We are certain that instead of the misery, tyranny, and desolation predicted as the consequences of that act, France has enjoyed eighteen years of comfort, progress, and security. We are certain, so far as the terrible precedents and examples of the previous two generations can make us so, that France under any other government would not, during these eighteen years, have enjoyed equal advantages. We are certain that, notwithstanding his repeated assassinations, Napoleon III. still lives and remains on the throne; and we are certain, despite the reports of his ailments and decay, that the enemies of France and of his dynasty still find him so vigorous as to leave no hope for their various machinations save in his death. For all these facts we are not compelled to depend upon speculation, nor are they to be shaken by *canards*; and, in the absence of other facts as important and as definite, they constitute an excellent foundation on which to build our opinions of the past history and future prospects of the Napoleonic dynasty.

THE ALASKA SWINDLE.

AS long ago as in April, 1867, in No. 116 of *The Round Table*, we begged the Senate not to consent to the Alaska purchase, and strove to persuade the independent press of the country to unite with us in protesting against it. We pointed out that the few desirable products of the territory had either been to a great extent exhausted by the Russians or could be more cheaply obtained nearer home; that although the area in square miles thus to be acquired looked imposing, so did that which surrounds the North Pole, and that there was about as much use in our possessing ourselves of the one as of the other; that the value of Alaska as the continental junction of an Asiatic line of telegraph was rendered inconsiderable in view of the submarine line proposed from California to China via the Sandwich Islands, and which will not have to cross the wilds of Siberia to connect us with Europe from the west; that if we had seven millions of gold to spare we had much better apply it to the reduction of the national debt or, otherwise, to the completion of the Pacific Railroad, than to throw it away on icebergs and stray seals in the Arctic zone; and that, in a word, the dreary and inhospitable regions frowned on by Mount St. Elias would be dear at any price.

We were persuaded at the time that the thrusting of this useless acquisition, this sucked orange, as some contemporary called it, on an already overburdened and groaning people was purely and simply a job—a money-making conspiracy devised by a few powerful and artful speculators to enrich themselves at the public expense. Recent developments have put it in the power of the public to estimate the correctness of this opinion; and we trust the public will do us the justice to remember that *The Round Table* gave them fair warning. The ministers, the financiers, the corrupt journalists, and the back-stair men generally have pocketed their plunder, each according to his degree, and the people have been deliberately robbed. For this there is perhaps now no help; but it is to be hoped that the newspapers which are always supporting corruption by denying its existence will take a lesson from the late exposure, or that, at all events, their readers will. Not only on this but other occasions when we have striven to direct effective attention to rascalities of a similar kind these sleek and placid guardians and teachers of the people have sworn vigorously that it was all exaggeration and nonsense, and that *The Round Table* could not prove a single instance of such wrong-doing; a general allegation which it is usually very safe to make, but which never yet prevented a single dollar from being filched from the public purse.

At this very moment there are several other schemes equally flagrant and as opposed to the national interest, and in which even more adroitness is being shown in covering the real designs in view and misleading the public mind. These particular plans are not yet so far matured as to have assumed to the public eye even ostensible purposes, but that they are in the contemplation of strong and unscrupulous men, we happen to know. We shall do our utmost to get possession in season of trustworthy details, such as can be safely published in the way of warning; and shall be curi-

ous to see in what quarters and to what extent the usual indignant disclaimers of corruption will first make themselves heard.

A LITTLE-KNOWN COUNTRY.

BETWEEN 60° and 70° latitude north, and 32° and 21° longitude east, lies Finland, a country computed to contain about 130,000 square miles, but so little known to the outside world that few foreigners have probably a distinct notion of its history or characteristics. Even the omniscient modern newspaper press, which notes all that transpires in the most out-of-the-way corners of the globe, seems to ignore a region the current of whose sluggishly-pulsating life stagnates entirely for seven months in the year under the impenetrable grey of its hyperborean winter sky. Only at rare intervals we hear thence of a failure of the crops which threatens to decimate its sparse population—a misfortune which has occurred twice within the last six years—or that its Diet has been convened. It is from the Scandinavian organs alone that the curious are able to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with Finland, its inhabitants, customs, habits, and political institutions. The Swede or the Dane who dreams of a future Scandinavian hegemony has always a sigh for the lost grand duchy on the Bothnian gulf, and the Stockholm, Upsala, and Copenhagen journals watch the progress of affairs at Helsingfors and Abo with an interest scarcely less intense than that with which the Venetians once looked to Turin.

The most fertile, populous, and civilized portion of Finland is the south coast, although even it is situated some degrees further north than the ice-bound "Palmyra of the North." The interior is rent by a double chain of inland seas and immense swamps. Pine forests, tangled scrub, rolling hills, barren table-lands strewn with huge boulders, constitute the principal features of the landscape. Like oases in the desert lie here and there a few fields and meadows which are covered from May to September with a scanty verdure. Only a very small proportion of the country is susceptible of cultivation, and the capriciousness of the climate renders farming so precarious that the inhabitants prefer the coast, where commerce, shipping, foreign intercourse, and fishing insure them a less uncertain subsistence. In truth, the further the distance from the seaboard, the thinner the population; the fewer the settlements, the gloomier the scenery and the rarer the signs of human life and enterprise. And yet, in this inhospitable region, whose fitness for man's habitation might well be questioned, dwell 1,500,000 of Finns and 150,000 Swedes. The former represent the peasantry and a part of the burghers; the latter, the nobility, the clergy, the bureaucracy, and the higher bourgeoisie. In the far north are a few thousand Lapps, and in the south some naturalized Russians and Germans. Not more than perhaps one-sixth of the population live in towns; the other five-sixths are dispersed throughout the interior, and often so far separated from each other that those who require help have been known to perish before their nearest neighbors could force their way through the intervening ice and snow. The aborigines are a branch of the great Finnish family, whose settlements extend to the Ural, but who are nearly everywhere subjected to other races. The Finns of Suomenmaa (the name of the grand duchy) have been for centuries under Swedish supremacy. Already in the thirteenth century the Swedes secured a firm foothold east of the Bothnian gulf by conquering the southern districts, Tavastland and Karelia, after which they advanced as far as Jugermannland, the present department of St. Petersburg. For nearly five hundred years the Swedish element preserved the ascendancy. Finland was a Swedish province, and was treated as such. While the nobles frequently visited Stockholm to solicit military and civil appointments, Swedish officials, scholars, ecclesiastics, traders, etc., came to Finland to settle. The consequence was that the native element, the Finnish nationality, chiefly represented by the peasantry, ceased to exert any influence socially or politically; yet it led to no ill-feeling or jealousy toward the other race. As the Finnish peasant retained the fullest freedom, he had no special cause to complain. The Swedish language thus became the ruling one, while the Finnish language

became almost exclusively that of the lower classes. This explains why down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century there should have been no Finnish literature. The only native publications were Bibles, hymn-books, and devotional works, suitable for the peasantry. The first Finnish book was printed at Abo, in 1544, and the first complete Finnish Bible at Stockholm, in 1642.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, when Sweden, paralyzed by the wars of the hats and caps, had lost her prestige abroad, and Finland had become a prey to chronic Russian invasions, which the Swedish arms were no longer able to check, a revulsion set in which, though at first of a political nature, soon assumed a national significance. It originated in a manifest addressed in March, 1742, by the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, to the people of Finland, in which they were advised to "free their country of the perils and calamities of future wars between Russia and Sweden," by severing the connection with the latter and forming an independent state under the protectorate of Russia. Though this insidious appeal elicited no immediate response, it nevertheless produced a more serious impression than suspected at Stockholm. A faction sprang up which adopted the side of Russia, and began quietly to agitate for a separation from Sweden. The civil wars of the hats and caps had then already so shaken public confidence in the Stockholm government that a deliberate calculation of the material advantages likely to accrue from such a change gradually took the place of that loyal attachment which had animated the Finns sixty years before. The question what real benefits the Swedish connection had conferred commenced to be seriously mooted. The high taxes exacted from the people only went to replenish the ever empty treasury of a government no longer commanding respect without and torn by factions within. This provincial particularism, which strongly emphasized the difference between the interests of Finland and Sweden, grew, and supplied a rallying point for the awakening national aspirations. Though the majority of the nobility and the clergy stood by the old flag, there were not wanting even among them those who favored a Finnish autonomy, and they soon received a zealous support from the commercial classes and certain leaders of public opinion. A short time afterward (in 1804) Porthan, the ancestor of young Finland, commenced his labors. He was the first to suggest the emancipation of the Finnish language and nationality, and found speedily a strong party to back him. The means resorted to by the patriots closely resembled those adopted by the Czechs and other national fragments now striving to regain their independence. They set out with collecting popular songs and half-forgotten traditions; they established periodicals, founded literary and dilettanti scientific societies, which merged into political clubs; and they finally demanded that the regenerated language and race of the Finnish majority should be given the preference in the state.

In 1809 the seeds sown by the Empress Elizabeth bore their anticipated fruit, and Russia obtained by the peace of Frederickshamn that portion of Finland which is now known as the grand duchy. The last invasion, under General Buxhöwden, had met almost no opposition, and even the "impregnable" fortress of Sveaborg, the citadel of Helsingfors, had surrendered without a blow. After the conclusion of hostilities, Alexander I. came to Finland to open the diet in person at Borgo. Already, during the previous year, he had issued a proclamation promising to preserve the ancient constitution, and to guarantee the grand duchy an independent administration. To win the love of his new subjects this wise ruler did even more, and reunited East Finland, which had been a Russian province since 1714, with the new dependency. It was at this period that young Finland rose to real importance and influence. The steady influx from Sweden ceased, while Russia deemed it to her interest to support the national party, and thus to prevent the possible danger of a reaction in favor of Sweden. Our article would be too long were we to enlarge upon the literary and social revolution which followed the political. Suffice it to say that the Swedish element soon thought it expedient to capitulate and thus to strengthen itself in the country. Russia, it is true,

had recognized the independence of the former province, and had solemnly pledged herself to observe the constitution of 1772; but the Finns soon learned to understand how much they were dependent on the *bon plaisir* of the Czar. Since the diet of 1809 Alexander had never consented to convene the estates, while under his successor, Nicholas, nobody dared even to hint that Finland possessed constitutional rights to be respected; and though the country was more leniently treated than the Baltic and Polish provinces, it was none the less often made sensible of its chains. This unsatisfactory condition of things continued until the Crimean war and the death of Nicholas. When the British fleet appeared before Helsingfors and Lovisa, and the whole coast bristled with Russian bayonets, and the government drew the reins still tighter, it became evident that the conciliatory policy of the Finnish Swedes had greatly weakened young Finland's Russian sympathies, and even turned its specific patriotism against the Czar. Nicholas had barely closed his eyes when the slavish silence was broken, and the people remembered their rights. The press, hitherto as devoid of life as the Russian, multiplied like mushrooms. A legion of Swedish and Finnish papers shot up and called for the reassembling of the estates after half a century's oblivion. The pressure was so great that the St. Petersburg authorities were compelled to promise to convene the diet in the fall of 1861, though eighteen months passed before the estates met, and then the time proved singularly unpropitious. A few months before the Polish-Lithuanian revolution had broken out. The Moscow press, always suspicious of all non-Russian nationalities, charged Finland with separatist designs, and the diet was quickly dissolved. The imperial government was, however, sufficiently politic to propitiate the Finns by important concessions which somewhat allayed their discontent, while the Moscow press received a hint to moderate its domineering tone. But in spite of these efforts to conciliate, Panscandinavism and the ideal federal state which is to unite Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland have the support of a large and growing party. Experience has shown to the Finns that Russia is not to be trusted. Already during the Schleswig-Holstein war contributions were forwarded from Helsingfors and Abo for the "brethren on the Eider," and the whole Finnish press bitterly denounced the German-Prussian policy pursued toward Denmark. While young Finland has sobered down with the attainment of its domestic wishes and sees in the Scandinavian federation the possibility of a specifically Finnish development, the Swedish element regards the Scandinavian union as a compensation for the lost connection with Stockholm. To prepare the Scandinavian mind for the absorption of all the northern countries, the last Swedish press meeting at Stockholm adopted a resolution to put all news from Norway, Denmark, and Finland under the general head of "inland."

WHO ARE INSANE?

AN officer of high rank in the United States navy, and brother of the general whose military qualifications secured for his country the well-won victory of Gettysburg, was recently conveyed to a private lunatic asylum upon the sworn affidavits of two physicians that they believed him to be suffering from insanity. Subsequent proceedings under a writ of habeas corpus, that palladium of liberty, as Blackstone terms it, before the presiding justice of the New York Supreme Court at chambers, developed the fact that the affidavits must have been founded upon a mistake, since the alleged lunatic appeared to be of sound and disposing mind. Therefore, the rescued commodore is entitled at law to bring an action of false imprisonment against his jailors for damages, and to have all who were concerned in his confinement indicted and tried for the offence known as conspiracy. This case is well calculated to prompt deep reflection, if not to excite alarm in the public breast, for it is plain that no one in the community is safe in liberty or property if such things are permitted to occur unpunished and unstigmatized; and that, with such a precedent, any unoffending citizen may be torn from the bosom of his family and the seclusion of his theoretical castle, and buttoned up in a strait-jacket without a moment's

notice, if a brace of doctors concur in swearing him to be insane.

A distinguished pleader at the New York bar, long confined to his house by severe illness, expressed frequent and grave apprehensions lest some member of his wife's family, who were very inimical to him, should suborn a couple of needy physicians to make oath that he was not in his right mind, in order to get him out of the way. The event which this gentleman so dreaded in his own case, and which, with his acute knowledge of the existing state of the law, he anticipated might readily occur to anybody, has actually taken place within the last fortnight in the case of the eminent naval officer above referred to. The alarming fact stares us in the face, that a worthy fellow-citizen has been seized and shut up in a mad-house upon the charge of lunacy, when the tribunal before which he was subsequently brought upon a habeas corpus pronounced him of sound mind and restored him to liberty. This event becomes the more startling in view of the fact that a less prominent individual *might* have been allowed to remain in confinement from various causes, among which is the possible one that he might not have had influence enough to get himself out. This, undoubtedly, is an aspersion upon the administration of justice which ought not lightly to be indulged in. Yet surely Commodore Meade's case is of a character to justify apprehension, and to suggest the expediency of inquiring who of us are sane, and consequently safe from molestation.

Are they who persistently seek ends insufficient to warrant such strenuous, life-long devotion to their attainment, to be regarded as of sound mind and judgement? There is the aged, infirm miser tottering on the brink of the grave, and depriving himself of the very means of prolonging life, in order that his hoard may not be drawn upon even to satisfy his most pressing wants—is he a man in full possession of his senses? And there is the carefully nurtured and delicate girl, whose devoted parents are so considerate of her every wish that it hardly needs expression to be at once gratified—is she sane when she deserts that virtuous home and throws herself away upon some vicious vagabond who has wormed his way into her virgin love? Yet such things are not uncommon. Nay, is the wilful sinner who, regardless of repeated admonitions of church and friends, and the daily sight of a dying world, deliberately neglects to grasp the anchor of faith, and goes down headlong to destruction, a discreet and reasonable being in the enjoyment of all his faculties? Instances innumerable might be multiplied in illustration of the point here attempted to be made, that insanity is not an easy condition of mortality to detect. But the objection will be raised that this reasoning is much too general; that in the ordinary acceptation, they only are insane who do not tread the same paths as their fellow-men. What are the dicta of the case in view? Said the learned judge: "If a father should make merry over a marriage his daughter had contracted, which was palpably improper and of which his reason disapproved, then insanity might be inferred; but in this particular instance he expressed anger and resentment because he discountenanced the whole proceeding. Is this perfectly natural conduct, therefore, to be taken as evidence of insanity?" It may, however, be inquired in return, may not the *degree* of passion manifested, if of unusual violence, become a badge or mark of aberration of mind? But the court in the case above cited expressed the opinion that ill-timed merriment may indicate unsoundness of mind. It is well known that some persons are so strangely constituted that they experience a sense of the ridiculous among the most solemn surroundings. Charles Lamb tells of a friend of his who could not for the life of him refrain from laughing at the awkward movement of the sexton at a funeral, when casting the earth upon the coffin at the words, "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes." We have all beheld the converse of the judge's proposition—namely, the most imperturbable gravity and lugubriousness shown amid scenes of rejoicing, without the slightest suspicion of madness attaching. Again, the most ferocious demonstration of passion cannot find a shield behind the plea of derangement. If a drunken brute seizes a cart-rung or a cleaver and brains his wife in a fit of outrageous temper, he is

tried and hung for the crime of murder; not sent to an asylum for safe keeping.

Such a thing as insanity is believed in, however; but what are its indications? If a fellow-being takes it into his head to wear his coat hind part before, to dance the cachucha in a railway car, or to ride an umbrella up and down the public thoroughfare, lunacy is inferred as a matter of course. Yet the act is trivial and innocent in the extreme; displaying an absence of good taste, to be sure, but hurting nobody. So difficult it is to define what precise act will place one under the ban of insanity. That which is sane now or in that man may be madness again or in another, or *vice versa*. The true and only course to be pursued in cases of this character is to make it essential to a commitment under the charge of mental derangement that a strict, searching, and scientific examination of the alleged lunatic be had by a board of thoroughly qualified examiners, who shall frame a report upon the nature, extent, and peculiarities, if any, of the case under notice, and prescribe the place and mode of confinement, and the method of treatment advisable. Such, in chancery, were to some extent the usual proceedings known as an "inquisition under a commission of lunacy," which process seems to have been wholly overlooked in the present piece of business, and which the stringent efficacy of the writ of habeas corpus alone set right. If the statement published in the public prints by the son-in-law of the alleged lunatic is entitled to credit, and nothing contradictory has yet appeared, some show of propriety existed for an inquisition in equity, but certainly not to outrage decency by throwing an elderly officer into a mad-house upon a charge which a competent tribunal summarily dismissed because it could not be sufficiently established. Let the community look to it that no similar instance of a *post facto* rendition of justice has to be invoked, however urgent may be the demand for the application of a right remedy; and, above all, that this land of liberty does not depend for the security of its people upon that famous concession torn from the grim tyrants of the feudal system by down-trodden subjects, the habeas corpus act; time-honored as it is and invincible as it has so often proved itself to be among the descendants of sturdy Anglo-Saxon progenitors.

SARDOU, THE DRAMATIST.

FRANCE has within the last decade and a half produced but one really popular dramatist, Victor Sardou, and even he is, in a strictly literary sense, only a kind of theatrical makéshift. A genuine child of Paris, he belongs by birth, character, and temperament to that generation which, satchel under its arm, witnessed in 1848 the fraternal illusions of the grand epoch. The year 1850 saw him a medical student at the Necker Hospital, where, beside preparing bandages and scraping lint, he wrote a Swedish tragedy, *Queen Ulfrá*, in prodigiously tedious Alexandrines. At this period the opera was his ruling passion. Medicine he neglected more and more. His insatiable ambition led him to the study of history, and more especially that of the sixteenth century. Spending his days in the public libraries, he took also to German philosophy, translated and commented the works of Erasmus, the original text of the *Evangelists*; and annotated the Old and the New Testaments. For his support he got up articles, sketches, and essays for the reviews and minor journals, and contributed to a dictionary, for all of which he received a very inadequate remuneration. *Diderot's Encyclopedia* is indebted to him for a very clever article bearing his signature, as also for several papers on physics, mathematics, and philosophy. It was likewise about this period of his life that he gave lessons. But, in spite of his industry, there was often not even a sufficient supply of smoking-tobacco in his dark, dilapidated garret in the student's quarter. It is related of Sardou that he one day sold a quantity of corks of empty wine bottles, and came home quite triumphantly with the couple of pounds of tobacco he had purchased with the proceeds. But at this point of his career his stoicism seems to have forsaken him, and his devotion to the Reformation abated. Like Goethe's Faust, he was overpowered by the reflection that all we can ever hope to know is that we know really nothing. Lean, gaunt, a com-

pletely disenchanted dreamer, he thenceforth resolved to devote his pen to the theatre. In 1854 a versified comedy in three acts, written by him, was performed at the Odeon, and most mercilessly hissed.

A failure like this would have discouraged most men. Our undaunted Parisian, however, only wound up his courage like a watch, and braced himself for another trial. Like a general after a lost battle, he concentrated his forces for another attack. He sat down to read old and new dramas, and soon caught the afflatus. Before long he was more learned and experienced than the dramaturgic manufacturers on the Boulevards who were achieving honor and wealth by the mechanical adaption of pieces stolen from French and English novels. Cleverness became thus the divinity which Sardou worshipped—cleverness to excess. Trifles were turned by him into objects of importance. In *Othello* Sardou would probably have discovered nothing beyond the irresistible and mysterious fascination which Desdemona's pocket-handkerchief exerts on the audience. We meet, therefore, afterwards in his *Pattes de Mouche* a piece of paper; in his *Quintimes*, a mysteriously shut window-blind, a gunshot, a trunk brought on the stage, etc. It was in such trifling accessories that Sardou sought to show his skill. Study had rewarded him with isolation and poverty; day after day he dropped the recluse and changed into the man of the world, until he crossed at one bound out of the sixteenth century over into the Place de la Bourse. He sold his books, bought a pair of light-colored kid gloves, and transported himself to the other side of the water.

Cæsar had now his Rubicon behind him. Sardou had left the other bank of the Seine, with its students, professors, laureates, dunces, and immortal starvelings, to reappear on the right bank and the boulevard where vice and intrigue unblushingly elbow each other. But how was he to render himself conspicuous among so many, how obtain a name, how manage to be taken up and pushed on by others? Once, when convictions and passions still were in fashion, there had been political and literary cliques in Paris, but they existed no more. The young adventurer, however, soon selected his flag, and found a party to adopt him. Having looked about for some folly which would patronize him, and as whose disciple he might attain success, he turned spiritualist. It was spiritualism that now surrounded his past with romance, his brow with a nimbus, his person with influential lictors who cleared a way for him through the vulgar crowd. Sardou speedily became a distinguished medium. He read in locked drawers, wrote at the dictation of the spirits, who communicated their sentiments to him by means of a table, a basket, or a pencil, and even condescended to use the hand of Sardou to draw pictures of the dwellings of Mozart, Swedenborg, Palissy, and Zoroaster. Sardou is still said to possess a collection of spiritualistic drawings, a fantastic work of remarkable, almost incredible, minuteness and finish. A medium who frequented the society of the highest spiritual spheres was naturally quite able to get along in that which is peopled by the inferior spirits of the theatrical sphere. The brilliant success on the Parisian stage, to which Sardou owes his European reputation and the couple of millions he has earned, is well known. At the same time it cannot be disputed that Sardou is, after all, superior to the majority of his rivals. One might almost say of him, that he has made his way in the world without recommendation, patronage, or intrigue, and by sheer force of energy. He is no Shylock, no re-vender of theatrical checks, no dealer in curiosities, no usurer; he would loan no money to managers, is too aristocratic to chant the praises of actresses or to treat actors to champagne. He has nothing in common with the Bohemian world of Paris—that world which lives amidst perpetual scandal, vanity, riot, betrayed love and friendship. He has preserved even on the fashionable side of the river all the tastes which characterized his studious, plodding, bookish existence on the other.

Sardou is an original and a prime favorite with the public, because, and this should be remembered to his praise, he has nothing whatever in common with the ordinary run of dramatic *faisseurs* of the boulevard,

who, sprung from the demi-monde, are only at home among that class; who imagine that they write a moral comedy when they expose with the weak pathos of a lascivious imagination the Cocodies and Gaudies on the stage. He has nothing in common with the manners and habits of those who entertain a scandalous and scandalized audience all the evening with descriptions of the luxury in which ambitious courtesans revel. Even Dumas the younger has not entirely escaped the contagion of this vicious school, this contaminated intellectual atmosphere. Sardou is at once the flatterer and the servant of the well-to-do, self-complacent *bourgeoisie*; he makes it his special business to entertain the Parisians, though it is equally his business to earn money. His motto is, "Il faut songer à la soupe!" His firm reads, "Scribe, successeur Sardou;" but he has more *esprit*, more passion, more style, than his predecessor in trade. Without any positive genius, he yet possesses extraordinary cleverness. Hardly a poet, he yet amuses and delights the public. This new and only playwright does not rescue dramatic art from its present slough of degradation, for he coins money out of a corrupt time and a corrupt people by disturbing them with no grand consuming thoughts, no words of deep portent and power. He has made his mark by the side-play of comedy. He might, perhaps, have achieved something higher and nobler; but the anxiety to get on, to soar above the masses, and to accumulate wealth have proved too strong for him. Sardou now owns a château, the Emperor has decorated him, and the ministry have appointed him to the magistracy. All this he has richly deserved for having not only kept the Parisians in a perpetual state of good humor, but for having never failed to introduce into his pieces some ugly, cross-grained, unkempt democrat, whom he has, however, none the less always taken good care so to caricature that nobody can possibly suspect himself to have sat for the picture. Sardou is therefore perfectly aware that the French republicans can afford to laugh heartily at the creations of his theatrical fancy, at the happy hits of his satire, and at the whole false representations of a false era. Let us, then, be as merciful as we wish to be just. It is not Sardou's fault that the farce alone should be in harmony with the taste of the day and the character of the times; that true art should be banished from amidst a discontented generation; that Victor Hugo should be excluded from the stage; that Théophile should be singled out for special favor and patronage by those who have an interest in corrupting and misleading public opinion. Sardou stands midway between a younger and an elder generation, which may one day change the whole farce into a tragedy.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

IN Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* he that is so minded may read a diverting account of the way in which Christmas was kept in Merrie England of the olden time. With mirth and feasting, with waits and carols, with emblematic boar's heads and mighty bowls of wassail, with blazing Yule logs and curious pastimes, with Lords of Misrule and Abbots of Unreason, with all sorts of jollity and junketings the sacred season was celebrated by our forbears of old. Especially where one should least of all expect to find it, in the dusty purlieus of the Inns of Court, was the merry-making wildest and most rigidly of rule; and when once on a time the under barristers ventured to pretermitt their immemorial usage of dancing on Christmas day great was the scandal and the outcry thereat. And not only this, but the offenders were fined and otherwise punished, beside being menaced with the awful penalty of disbaring upon a repetition of the offence, for that, as the old chronicler quoted by our author quaintly assures us, this exercise was held in great esteem "as much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times." Doubtless it was a prudent judgement, and passed by heads that had properly weighed the force of the apothegm that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

And although play enforced by penal statute seems a little too much like work to be altogether satisfactory, yet we dare say these dancing Templars were in the main glad enough of their frolic. But by-and-by came the Puritans, in whose God-fearing nostrils these gay doings were a stench and an abomination, and, *poof!* away at one icy breath went all this Persian apparatus

of Christmas revelry. Boar's heads and wassail bowls, Christmas waits and Christmas carols, Yule logs and Yule carousings, Lords of Misrule and Abbots of Unreason, even the Terpsichorean diversions of the Temple, all this delightful edifice of glad some observances fell at a frown of Praise-God Barebones, as the walls of Jericho may have fallen before the trumpet of Gideon. But presently there was another turn of the wheel and, *presto!* re-enter Moloch with the abominations of Baal, and exit the elect of Heaven to the congenial sterility of Plymouth Rock. There they could abolish Christmas and its heathen mummeries to their hearts' content, and they did it so effectually that up to the present writing, according to good authority, "Christmas throughout New England is seldom kept."

And to us others who, being not at all of the elect, are not ashamed to own a secret hankering after the flesh-pots that these righteous have forsworn—to us who set some store by the joyous and cheery practices wherewith our fathers did honor to the birthday of the Redeemer, it is matter of some rejoicing that we do not live in a community where virtue is incompatible with cakes and ale. And doubly grateful should we New Yorkers be to those adventurous Dutchmen who gave to our metropolitan aristocracy such store of mellifluous surnames and to our Christmas paraphernalia added the abiding delight of Santa Claus and his miraculous sled. For, after all, there is a heartiness and cheer in these old practices that it needs an extreme degree of sanctity to abandon; and, however tainted with paganism may have been their origin, Christmas to us would scarcely be Christmas without them. Time that spares only the thorns of life, relentless to its roses, has made sad havoc among these joyous traditions; but there still remain to us enough to fill the season with gladness. The boar's head no longer holds the place of honor at the feast, but roast turkey is no bad substitute; the genial Yule log is unknown to modern hearthstones, but Yule-tide pastimes may catch as merry an inspiration from a fire of glowing sea-coal; waits and carols we listen for in vain, but the wassail bowl still steams fragrant as of yore, only vastly bettered and known now of men as *eggnog*. Holly and mistletoe may be still had for the seeking; and as for Lords of Misrule or Abbots of Unreason, unhappy is the household that does not find one, at least, in its nursery.

To the children, indeed, Christmas of right belongs; they of all have most reason to celebrate the advent of the infant Christ whose manhood did not scorn to solicit the love of the little ones. Not vainly or unfitly has Christmas been called, in the homely parlance of that land where, if there is any thankfulness in childhood, its paradise should surely lie, *Kinderfest*—the Children's Festival; and not unseemly is it to give them at this time the largest share of our secular thoughts and attentions. It is for their sake that we rejoice most in the perpetuation of one custom, kindest and most gracious of all that Christmas brings, the one which doubtless justified to the thrifty New England mind the abolition of the festival—the pretty custom of interchanging gifts. Let the children have their toys, even if they be of the simplest and cheapest; the simpler and cheaper, indeed, the better. The tin swords and wooden guns and rag babies that few are too poor to buy satisfy the aspirations of infancy far more completely than the walking and talking dolls, the practicable steam-engines, and the other miracles of wasted ingenuity that fill our shops and are husks and ashes in our nurseries.

Also for children of an older growth this feature of the time has too much attractiveness and beauty to be forgotten. So, when the little ones are safely tucked in bed to dream unspeakable dreams of the good Saint Nicholas and the overflowing stockings that await their impatient scrutiny in the morning, for us it is not forbidden to taste the savory fruit of the Christmas tree. And surely never was founded a more charming custom than this German custom of the Christmas tree, from whose branches brother and sister, parents and children, pluck the sweet surprises of mutual affection. The present itself may be valueless—the veriest trinket, a ribbon, a gimcrack, a bit of lace; but the love that hides behind its slender defences gives it a worth that is greater than gold. And the chances of testifying love without seeming lackadaisical are not so many in this prosaic world that we can afford to throw away a single one. The Christmas tree is an institution that we hold in all reverence, and we shall mark it a sorry day that leaves us without a single remembrance in its branches.

When this paper is laid before our readers, the "mer-

ry, merry bells of Yule" will have already begun to make their cheery music, and from every steeple in the land wherever Christ and not Cotton Mather is worshipped—wherever Plymouth Rock is not held to be the Rock of Ages—shall be sounding forth the glad tidings of great joy. It is not premature, then, for us to offer to every reader the compliments of the season, and to invoke for each that peace which is promised to men of good will. But it behooves us not to forget in the midst of our joyance the claims of those to whom Christmas brings no increase of gladness, but rather the darker despair of a misery deepened by contrast with all surrounding happiness. Let us not forget the poor; but make them sharers too of our Christmas cheer, and, as far as may be, of our Christmas pleasures. Not the less brightly will pass these festival days for the memory of wretchedness relieved, and not the less surely shall we find therefore, in some near or distant time, on the branches of a holier tree, God's own gift of eternal life.

A WALK THROUGH WARWICKSHIRE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.]

YOU and I, dear *Round Table*, are now at Leamington, in the county of Warwick, in the centre of old England. Leamington is a fine town of about 16,000 inhabitants, possessing all the usual attractions of English watering-places, of which it is one of the most fashionable. Its numerous churches, theatres, hotels, baths, and promenades are all of superior quality. But the town is of modern growth, scarce forty years old, and you and I do not care much for these things. We affect an antiquarian taste, and, as we look at the evidences of civilization around us, we fancy and half share in the feelings of a Saxon Gurth who should see his beautiful swine-pastures turned into a fashionable lounge. The sun shines brightly this morning. Let us seek something which will interest us more. We will take the train for Kenilworth. It is only five miles away, and they are quickly passed, for though our fellow-traveller in the corner of the carriage *will* keep the window closed so that we cannot see the country, he makes up for the annoyance by setting before us a perfect type of the gruff, surly old Englishman that he is, and we study it at our leisure.

Here we are at Kenilworth. It is not much of a town, although it dates back to the time of the Mercian Saxons. It possesses only one street, quite irregular, with old houses and new sandwiched together, as chance has directed. We can see nothing here, so will walk on about a mile to the famous old castle, around whose ruined walls memories cling close and fresh as the ivy leaves which give them grace and beauty. Here kings and barons dwelt, and many a knightly deed and many a lady's charms these old walls recall. Here Elizabeth gave her banquets, here proud Dudley raised his banner, here poor Amy Robsart suffered. Ah, grand old Sir Walter! wherever we go we find new records of his mighty fame. We pause a moment before entering the castle to recall its history from the time of the first Henry, when Geoffrey de Clinton made an ignoble name famous and established a lasting monument by founding this castle, which has lasted through the many changes of the many years—through battles and banquets, sieges and balls—to the present time, when it reached the hands of its present possessor, the Earl of Clarendon. Now we will enter the castle. As we advance to the gateway your coat catches on a holly bush; a nuisance, do you say? No indeed! Look!—time turns back for you nearly three hundred years, and behold, a holly-bush stands there, but not before ruined walls; see that beautiful woman,—one of Elizabeth's maids of honor,—now her rich robe has caught upon the bush, and mark how gracefully the good knight Raleigh bends to do service for the lady, for whose sake he received his spurs. Hark!—hear you not the jolly laugh of roaring Mike Lambourne from the turret above? No; the dead silence brings us back to the present, and we enter the castle.

The gateway has been so far transformed as to make it available as a dwelling-house of two apartments. In one is a magnificent chimney-piece, partly made of alabaster, bearing the inscription "*Droit et Loyal*," the letters R. L., and between them the arms of Leicester encircled by the Garter. This is about the only vestige of the ancient beautiful adornments of the castle, many which time had left having been destroyed by the vandalism of the followers of Cromwell. Passing from the gate-house, the first structure which attracts our attention is Caesar's Tower, its immense walls partly covered by a luxuriant growth of ivy. Here was formerly the well of the castle, and also the clock, which, in Elizabeth's time, always pointed to the dining-hall at the hour

of the banquet. Passing by the ruins of the kitchen, we notice next Mervyn's Tower, where, through Varney and Leicester, the unfortunate Amy was kept prisoner within hearing of the festivities she might rightfully have shared. This tower is famous for having been founded by John of Gaunt, and close by is the great hall in which some half-defaced carvings on the windows and fire-places attest the ancient beauty of the place. Passing by some very imperfect ruins we come next to the splendid buildings founded by the Earl of Leicester, which, although more recently built, are fast assuming the ruinous character of the other parts of the castle. Just without Caesar's Tower is the garden, formerly very beautiful, from which we pass into the Pleasaunce, still known by that name, and famous for the scene between Amy Robsart and Queen Elizabeth. In truth, as one looks upon these ruins, it is hard to detach real history from Scott's fiction; so pray forgive it if I let them mingle as they please. Some parts of the castle walls are of immense thickness—sixteen feet, I believe—and much of the structure might still remain perfect if Cromwell had not here, as elsewhere, left so deep the impress of his iron hand.

Leaving Kenilworth with regret, we set out for Warwick, a beautiful walk of about five miles. Few counties in England are so gifted by time with historical interest and few so gifted by nature with beauty as this same Warwickshire. Gardens, rather than farms, are on either side, pretty little straw-thatched houses are plentifully scattered along our path, and the hawthorn hedges of England—real hawthorn—mark out its bounds. Now we are within a mile and a half of Warwick, but we will turn aside for a moment and pass into this enclosure, in order to get a fair view of Guy's Cliff, a rock of considerable elevation, with numerous excavations in its sides. We both remember, you and I, the pretty little story of the "world-weary warrior" returning in his palmer's dress from Palestine, and scooping out a cave in the rock within sight of his noble castle, and there living a hermit's life, receiving bounty from the hands of the Lady Felicia, his wife, and never making himself known until he feels the frosty hand of death chilling his heart. Near the cliff is the grand old castellated mansion now owned by Lord Percy. But we will bid farewell to the pilgrim-hermit, and hasten on to his hoary castle. Here we are at last, and before us, with the waters of the Avon washing its base, rises what Scott has justly called "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which remains uninjured by time." The home of the "King-maker," the residence of the "last of the barons," the scene of many a deed of daring, it stands a monument of past and present glory.

The castle of Warwick was founded in 915 by the daughter of Alfred the Great, and since the Norman conquest has been the seat of the proud Earls of Warwick, being still held by a younger branch of that family, on which the title was conferred rather more than a century since, on failure of male heirs in the elder branch. Passing through the porter's lodge and through the gateway, armed with a heavy portcullis, between Caesar's and Guy's towers, we enter the chief court. The "frowning towers" are all around us, and before us is—a croquet-ground. Looking around, at yonder pile for instance, with its corner-stone laid by the hump-backed murderer Richard, our minds are filled with visions of the steel casque, long sword, and cross-bow of the mail-clad warriors of the past. Looking before us, the closely-mown green sward, the stakes, and the hoops present a picture of flashing eyes and laughing lips which certainly belong to the present. Entering the castle, we stand in the great hall, with its floor of red and white marble, its walls of oak, and ceilings ornamented with armorial bearings. It contains a thousand things of interest—a Greek sarcophagus, the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," wrought from a gigantic oak felled near Kenilworth Castle, and a collection of armor, among which one notices particularly the suit last worn by "gallant Montrose," the blood-stained doublet of Lord Brooke, and Cromwell's helmet. The view of the Avon from the windows of the hall is extremely beautiful. Passing thence through the Great Dining-room with its Etruscan vases, the Red Drawing-room with its pictures and bronzes, the Gilt Drawing-room with its magnificent ornaments and historical pictures, the Cedar Drawing-room with its antique furniture, the State Bed-room containing Queen Anne's bed and her portrait by Reynolds, Lady Warwick's boudoir with its green satin and velvet furniture, the armory and armory-passage, containing a magnificent collection of armor and arms both ancient and modern, the chapel, and the Compass Room with its window painted by Rubens, and we have made the circuit of the castle and seen a thousand things, to describe all

of which here were simply impossible. Many of the portraits are by distinguished masters, Rubens, Van Dyke, Reynolds, and other illustrious names. At the end of the armory-passage is an equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyke, regarding which from a distance we forget it is a painting, for the Martyr King seems to be riding straight down upon us.

We turn to walk through the grounds awhile. As we leave the interior of the castle the stiff old housekeeper, who seems quite sufficiently dignified even for one of the Warwick household, and is evidently complacently conscious of the fact, presents her hand and receives the expected fee. We wander through the pleasure-grounds and enjoy the beauty of the trees and shrubbery and finally chance upon the greenhouse. Entering we see the celebrated Warwick Vase, an elegant relic of ancient art brought from the ruins of Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and said to be 2,000 years old. It is an immense affair and will hold over 160 gallons. It is ornamented with Bacchic masks, grapes, and vines, showing that its former use was that of a great wine-cup. Strolling back through the inner court, we pause a moment to notice more particularly Caesar's Tower, a very ancient structure of irregular figure. Under this are the dungeons, where probably many a pitiful story has been hushed remorselessly in death. Guy's Tower, right opposite, is a regular polygon, not so high as the other, and chiefly remarkable as a good specimen of the architecture of its date—early in the fourteenth century. The whole castle is surrounded by a strong wall, which in the time of Charles I. proved sufficiently stout to keep the force of the Commonwealth at bay until the Cavaliers sent relief. Passing through the gateway of this wall and over the moat, we enter the porter's lodge for a moment to see the armor of the great Earl of Warwick, and the armor and trappings of his horse. Judging from the size of the weapons and armor, the King-maker must have been of almost gigantic stature. Leaving the castle we walk for a while by the Avon—a stream consecrated by its association with Shakespeare—and then start off for a pleasant walk of two miles and a half to Leamington, successfully resisting on our way the insidious attempts of old women to induce us to buy ginger-beer and cider, until we at length arrive at Leamington, where, with our reader's and companion's permission, we will rest.

MUSIC PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT is a well-known business rule that to create an extensive demand for certain works of art, it is necessary to cultivate the taste of the public in that particular art to the loftiest standard. Sellers of paintings find it to their interest to cultivate the sense of sight in their public to its highest possible degree of development by exhibiting at times the best specimens of painting that can be procured, and, generally, engravings of the masterpieces; and sellers of statuary also find it profitable to exhibit original works of value or copies of the greatest productions of ancient art. For when, by the enjoyment of such works of art, the faculty of sight in a public has been sufficiently cultivated, it seeks to taste that enjoyment constantly and in every attainable form; and hence there arises a demand for the best and newest productions which those walks can supply. A public, on the contrary, which in its picture-stores and statuary-shops is allowed to see only daubs and clumsy figures of plaster will never purchase largely of works in those arts. Publishers of books know and appreciate this rule perhaps better than any other class of traders. They know that the people who read *The New York Ledger* or *Mercury* are not heavy buyers of books, and that the man who has once read *Shakespeare* and *Milton* is tolerably certain to become, when he can, the purchaser of a whole library of books. Hence cheap editions of *Shakespeare*, *Byron*, *Scott*, *Milton*, *Schiller*, etc., pay even better indirectly, by inducing a larger demand for other works, than by their own sale.

Now, the publishers of music in the United States seem as yet unacquainted with the value of this rule, since, for the most part, they not only refrain from publishing cheap editions of the greatest works of musical art, but even from publishing those works at all. Thus, whereas in Germany or England you can buy at extraordinarily cheap rates complete editions of the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc., arranged for piano-forte; or of Gluck's operas; or of Beethoven's, Mozart's, and Schubert's songs, etc.; the lover of music cannot purchase them here either for love or money, and the result is that our publishers of music fall far short of the extensive business

which they otherwise might obtain. Under the present system a young lady is satisfied if she possesses a collection of twenty or thirty pieces of music—among them, of course, the *Monastery Bells* and *Maiden's Prayer*—which twenty or thirty pieces she keeps on playing over and over again every day of her earthly life till she is dead or married; whereas, if cheap editions of the works of the great masters were accessible, she would not rest until she had acquired a tolerably complete musical library. A low or common taste in music can be raised to a higher standard only by cultivating the sense of hearing; and for this purpose those masterworks, which should be made accessible as the result of the highest development of the sense of hearing in their composers, both develop and demand taste in those who hear them. And these works should be furnished not singly, but in large numbers, so that the player may not be content with knowing the C sharp minor, or perhaps the *Sonata pathétique*, but shall make himself acquainted with every one of Beethoven's sonatas, and of Mozart's and Schubert's too.

It is true that Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. have taken a commendable step in this direction, but their edition of Beethoven's sonatas is much too costly as yet. There is no reason why music books should be more expensive than other books. You can buy the complete edition of Beethoven's sonatas in Germany, printed on nice paper and well bound, for from three to five dollars; while each one of his thirty-two sonatas—those masterpieces of musical literature which tower above other musical compositions for the piano as Shakespeare's dramas do above other works for the stage—costs here, on the average, seventy-five cents. Franz Schubert's incomparable songs, an inexhaustible source of wonder and delight, and some four hundred in number, can be bought in Germany at from twelve to thirteen dollars—a sum which does not more than suffice to buy here the twelve or thirteen of their number which have so far found American republication—not one of which belongs to his more lengthy compositions. Editions of the operas of Gluck—his wonderful *Orpheus*, his grand *Armida*, and his exquisite *Iphigenia*—and of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, issued on fine paper and elegantly bound, can be had in Germany for one dollar; and other great works, such, for instance, as Beethoven's nine symphonies in piano-arrangements, for about three dollars; or Bach's *Matthæus Passion*, his greatest work, and considered by some the greatest of all musical works, at two dollars.

Our music publishers, however, not only fail to publish cheap editions of the complete works of the great masters, they do not even publish singly and at any price their choicest works at all. A literary man can buy complete collections of almost any great work of literature in our bookstores. There is probably not a single good English writer whose works have not been republished in America. But of Beethoven's forty songs our music publishers have republished, so far as we know, only the *Adelaide*, *Quail's Song*, and *Mignon's Song*. His greatest song, *To the Far-off Beloved*, is almost unknown here. Nor have his other celebrated songs: *Six Songs from Gellert*, *An die Hoffnung*, *Der Kuss*, *Schmerz*, *Abendlied*, that most singable of all, *Lied aus der Ferne*, or his famous arrangements of *Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Songs*, for the piano, violin, and violoncello, ever been published here; or his minor works for the piano, his delightful *Variations* of popular melodies, his *Bagatellen*, *Rondos*, *Phantasie*, *Polonaise*, or his exquisite *Rondo a Capriccio*. All these are totally inaccessible to American buyers, although they are all easy to play, and, what is more, they are all popular in style.

Franz Schubert—that wonderful man whom England seems to honor still more readily than his own country, so far as his orchestral compositions and works for the piano are concerned—has been treated even more shabbily by our music publishers than Beethoven. His magnificent sonatas, which stand next to those of Beethoven, and in masterly treatment of the piano in some respects surpass them, though they lack Beethoven's strictness of plan and unity, are utterly unknown here; nor have the bulk, if any, of his easier compositions: his delicious *First Waltzes*, his stirring *Marches*, *Graetz's Waltzes*, *Valses sentimentales*, and, above all, his *Moments musicaux*, *Impromptus*, and *Clavierstücke* ever been republished. Of his four hundred songs only a dozen or so have received an American imprint, and these—with the exception of the *Ave Maria*, *Wanderer*, and *Wanderer's Nachtlied*—have not been well selected. His wonderful collections, *The Pretty Miller's Daughter*; *Winterreise*; *Schwaneengesang*; *Songs from Wilhelm Meister*; *Songs from the Lady of the Lake*;

Songs from Ivanhoe, etc., have been altogether overlooked. We might multiply these instances to an infinite number; but the above suffice for illustration.

The question might be raised whether it is really expedient to promote the musical education of a people. To answer this it should be remembered that there are two kinds of culture—a culture of intellect (*i. e.*, of theoretical reason) and a culture of character (of practical reason); that the latter is almost utterly neglected in our country, and that in its development music—because it throws us back into ourselves—is a principal element.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SOUTH ON THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL UNITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I have no intention of discussing the question of constitutional interpretation, which has been so ably handled from different points of view by *The Round Table*, Mr. Featherston, Mr. Elmer, and others. Except for purposes of vindication, such a discussion is, at present at least, useless on the part of the South; and personally I have no desire to say anything that may tend, directly or indirectly, to prevent that restoration of harmony between the two sections without which, whatever may be true in regard to the North, there can be no decided material prosperity at the South.

With this explanation of my position, and with your permission, I offer a few comments upon the letter of Mr. Elmer which appeared in *The Round Table* of November 21. In that letter I noticed the following passages: "We had hoped . . . for a frank and cordial acceptance of the principle of the unity of the people of this republic. . . ." "I hope all will become contented with the fact of our national unity. . . ."

Mr. Elmer's meaning seems, at the first glance, patent enough; yet we have been hearing and reading language of this kind ever since the close of the war, and the phrase "accept the fact of our national unity," and others like it, mean very different things in the mouths of different persons. When, therefore, we hear such phrases from a new party, we cannot tell whether we are or are not doing what he would have us do, until his meaning is more clearly expressed. Does Mr. Elmer mean that in a logical point of view we should be convinced by our failure in the war that our interpretations of the Constitution were fundamentally incorrect? Or does he mean that we should obey the Constitution and the laws of the country, as interpreted and enacted by the general government, irrespective of our private convictions and predilections? To accept the results of the war in one of these senses is a very different thing from accepting them in the other, as can be easily shown. In which of these senses does Mr. Elmer wish his language to be interpreted?

As regards the first of these senses, I will say that physical conflict cannot decide a question of fact or of opinion. This seems to be a very obvious truth, yet many persons fail to see it, and consequently say much that will not stand the test of examination. It is either a fact or not a fact that the United States government was formed by sovereign states, delegating certain powers to agents of their own selection in the manner and to the extent that is claimed by the state-rights school. Whether correct or not in their opinion, the people of the South have, with remarkable unanimity, maintained the affirmative of this question. Now, if the Southern interpretation of the Constitution was correct, the defeat of the Southern armies does not falsify the fact of the mode of formation of the government. If the Southern interpretation was correct, the success of our armies would not have made it a fact that the government was founded on state-rights principles. In a word, however much a war may influence the actions of a people in regard to certain facts, it is absolutely impossible that it can so far undo the work of history as to make what is true false, or what is false true. Is it reasonable, then, to suppose that the people of the South should be convinced by their defeat that their political opinions were without the slightest foundation, that intellectually they had worshipped a chimera, that they had been deluded by the mere phantom of a fact?

But as regards the second of these senses, everything is different; and if the Southern people have not in this sense accepted the situation, they deserve to be punished to the utmost extent of the law. Forcible opposition to the general government was but a logical sequence of the views entertained by the South in regard to state-rights. However much they may have disliked to carry out their views, however ill-timed and inexpedient they may have regarded such action, they always believed that the right to carry them out resided in them, and that they themselves were the able judges of the proper occasion for action. Since the struggle has been decided against us, it is the duty of every one of us to obey promptly the laws of the country, however distasteful they may be. And in this sense I do not hesitate to say that the South has frankly accepted the doctrine of national unity. It is very easy, for political purposes, to fill columns after columns with outrages, real or imaginary, committed in the South, yet candid minds will admit that, in proportion to the population, there are no more outrages of any kind in the South than there are in the North or the

East or the West. The population of the rest of the country is much greater than the population of the South, yet that population has not been subjected to the same demoralizing influences which have prevailed at the South for the last three years. The operation of the reconstruction laws is practically very annoying, though at times quite amusing; yet the influential classes in the South have no desire to violate these laws. It cannot be expected, nor ought it to be, that any of us should like them or admire them in any respect, but it is expected that we should all obey them. We have done so, and will continue to do so as long as they are laws.

In conclusion, it strikes me as being a very plain truth that ready obedience to law is all that the human legislator has a right to expect. It is certainly very desirable that the affections of a people should cluster around their laws and institutions, but if the people accept them as facts, and, by their obedience, show that they recognize them as binding, I do not think a legislator or anybody else has anything to do with their private opinions. And he is not only an unwise, but also an unjust, legislator who attempts by force to secure anything beyond obedience to law. When he attempts to do more than this he is encroaching upon a domain which, so far as man is concerned, is sacred. And still less wise, and still more unjust, is that legislator who, presupposing hostility on the part of a people, concludes that that hostility will necessarily cause them to commit some overt criminal act, and then legislates against them as if they had already committed it.

A VIRGINIAN.

ROANOKE COUNTY, Va., December 10, 1868.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—DARTMOUTH COLLEGE AND LORD DARTMOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: A writer in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, in an interesting article—*South Coast Saunterings in England*—very justly condemns the absurd practice into which the early settlers fell in giving the names of the Old World to our own towns and villages, instead of preserving the beautiful and appropriate aboriginal names which they found ready to their hand. The writer, however, falls into an error when he says:

"But to go on naming places Dartmouth, Exeter, and the like, when the Indians had already left such natural and beautiful names, was too bad, especially as the Indians had so much to do with its foundation. There is no classic or other reason why Lord Dartmouth should have given his name to one of our chief colleges."

Now, the fact is that there was the best of reasons why, in this instance, the name of the college should have been Dartmouth. Dartmouth College, as, of course, is well known, was originally started at Lebanon, Conn., by Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, under the name of the Moore Charity School, as a place in which to educate Indian youths for the ministry. The resources of the institution, however, having failed, the school would have been given up had not Governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire, granted it a township on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River, whither it was removed in the fall of 1769.

Without funds, however, this grant was of no avail; and it accordingly languished until 1772, when Lord Dartmouth, an active Christian and greatly interested in the welfare of the Indians, at the solicitation of Sir William Johnson, heavily endowed the institution, which henceforth became a college, and very properly received the name of Dartmouth in honor of its chief patron and founder.

In the *Life of Sir William Johnson*, Vol. II., chaps. xv. and xviii., this subject is discussed at length.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

NEW YORK CITY, December 8, 1868.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Of late, and chiefly since it has become the habit of political tinkers to assail the doctrines of our American form of government because they did not suit a condition of things (war) in itself utterly irrational, the jury system has been the subject of attacks from various quarters. So far as these attacks are mainly directed on the requirement that a jury must be composed of persons who have not formed an opinion of the case to be tried, I would suggest the following consideration:

It is very easy to ridicule this requirement and—referring to our puffed-up daily newspaper system—to ask, How can any citizen of ordinary culture be supposed to have formed no opinion of a case he reads about? But this ridicule and this question seem to me to demonstrate conclusively the wisdom of the requirement referred to. A citizen of "ordinary" culture, it is true, will, in all probability, form his judgement upon reading the *ex parte* statement of a newspaper, precisely as these citizens of "ordinary" culture form their judgement on political matters upon reading their *ex parte* party organ. But to such citizens the jurors ought never to be entrusted.

An enlightened man of true culture will not form an opinion on the reading of any case as reported in the newspapers; knowing beforehand that every story has two sides to it, and that a true opinion can be formed only after the hearing of the fullest evidence.

The jury system can be supplanted only by the judge

system. But does a judge—fit to be one—ever form an opinion on reading the report of a case in a newspaper?

I am not especially in favor of the jury system; to say the truth, I have not sufficient data to enable me to form a judgement as to its operation and the sphere to which it may be beneficially confined. The general principle which underlies it appears to me to be this: since the reflective (synthetical) human mind is necessarily so constituted that every possible case can be argued with equal plausibility from two opposite sides, it is advisable to join to this reflective mind (represented by the lawyers and judges) the immediate (thetical or common sense) mind in the form of a jury, composed of men who have cultivated their power of judgement (what the Germans call *Urtheilskraft*) more than their power of reasoning.

A. E. KROEGER.

ST. LOUIS, December 4, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to this office.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.*

NO argument is needed to prove that we should all possess some knowledge of the structure of our bodies, the processes that go on within us, and the means by which our functions may be preserved in their integrity. The time has passed when none but doctors were thought to have the right to pry into such things. Some knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene is indispensable, not only as a part of a general education, but as a means to a far more important end—the preservation of health. All of us, unconsciously as it were, pick up a little information upon the subject, but few go far enough, and fewer still, unfortunately, live in accordance with the teachings of hygiene. Hygienic rules cannot be too often or too forcibly brought to our notice; and there is no way of impressing us more strongly with an idea of their importance than by acquainting us with the beauty and delicacy of the structures and processes upon which not only health but life itself depends. A certain learned man—perhaps the Count de Buffon—while deeply engaged in writing upon physiology happened to drop his pen. So profoundly was he impressed—the story goes—with the exquisite delicacy of his frame, that he was afraid to stoop down to pick up his pen, and so touched the bell for a servant. We would not advise any one to get wrought up to such a pitch as this, but the feeling was not so unnatural after all. Few of us like to do as we are told, without some good reason for the injunction; and people will never heed the plainest rules of health unless made to feel and see their importance. Most of us learn to take some care of ourselves by the hard lesson of experience of disease; it were far better to take the ounce of prevention; and if there be anything that will lessen the number and degree of our daily transgressions of Hygeia's dictates, it is more knowledge of her.

Unfortunately, the acquirement of this knowledge is not easy. Here, as elsewhere, we find no "royal road;" the path usually chosen, as we have just hinted, is one of bitter experience. But though we cannot shorten the route, it can be made more pleasant; and such a work as the one we are now noticing goes far in this direction. It tells us how we are made, and how we were designed to live. We wish there were more such books, and they more generally read. The medical profession is, after all, chiefly to blame for the acknowledged want of information upon such subjects that is everywhere observable, as far as the great public is concerned. Our professional works come mostly from the hands of the masters, who write for the profession alone; their ponderous tomes are unintelligible to all but the favored few; standard treatises are sealed books to the public, and cannot, we fear, be otherwise. Latin and Greek dodecasyllables are hard to get over; and even the commonest and most necessary technical terms have little meaning for the non-professional reader, whose comprehension, moreover, is not likely to be aided by the grim and fearful pictures that illustrate the text. It is curious to note the reactionary influence of this. A certain amount of what is illaudable, if not actually prurient, curiosity is apt to be mingled with a desire for anatomical information. In fact, we might repeat, in this connection, Mr. Carlyle's remarks about foreigners on meeting each other, if that gentleman's observation were less indecent. Add to this kind of inquisitiveness the nervous apprehensions of invalids,

* *A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene; for Schools, Families, and Colleges.* By J. C. Dalton, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers; London: Sampson Low, Son & Marsden. 1868.

dyspeptics, cowards, and very dissolute persons regarding their health, and we have as a result that wide-spread, deplorable public want which is usually met by the wretched books whose meretriciousness is only equalled by their iniquity. There is a sensational medical literature, ranking alongside *The Police Gazette*, and amounting to about the same thing. Under the specious guise of education, philanthropy, advice to sufferers, and what not, anatomy and physiology are made to pander to the worst passions. We repeat, the medical profession is partly responsible for this; if they did their whole duty the columns of our dailies would less frequently make us blush, and a certain style of books would only circulate among those whose tastes agreed with the writers'. But, improper books aside, there is still a wide gap between the highest and the lowest grades of medical literature that has never been satisfactorily filled, though the attempt has been made to fill it by any quantity of books that agree in little else than in being all alike useless. There is scarcely one of the number professedly designed for the school-room or the family that is not open to serious objection. They either hang around the skirts of the subject, and tell the reader little worth the knowing, through exaggerated endeavor to simplify and avoid detail, or they attempt too much, confuse and weary the student, and leave him floundering entirely beyond his depth. In either case the result is bad—very bad; it is worse than negative, for imperfect glimpses of truth lead to more error, generally, than no view at all. Few men, it seems, however learned, can write a "popular" work on a medical subject that is all it should be, and nothing that it should not be; one in which the truth is told clearly, in an attractive manner; in which fundamental principles are explained thoroughly, yet without wearisome detail, and their practical application brought home to the reader's mind. Of this number Professor Dalton, we see, is one; and we are much mistaken if the enviable reputation he has earned by his elaborate works is not to be enhanced by the modest little volume now before us.

It is easy for us to express our unqualified approval of Professor Dalton's work, and our conviction of its usefulness; to properly review it in our narrow limits is more difficult. In a small way, we experience something of the difficulty that the author himself may have felt in preparing his treatise: that of leaving unsaid many things that we should like to say. The horizon of physiological science is so far off that no man—no, not one—has ever yet traversed all the grounds; more, the sum total of human knowledge has not brought us to the end. With such a field a writer can do little more than point to the most prominent landmarks. Though in an elementary work, such as this, the writer necessarily skims over the surface, this is done in a masterly manner, and we seem to get the cream of the whole subject. The preface tells us that the book is "intended as a means of instruction in physiology and hygiene for pupils and general readers who have no previous knowledge on medical subjects." It is to be an elementary text-book. "A large proportion of the complicated names and phrases required for the complete study of anatomy and physiology are simply unnecessary for those who pursue it as a part of their general education—that is, in the same way as they study geography, astronomy, or mathematics." This is one of the most comforting assurances we have had for a long time; and prepares us to believe "the most important, and, at the same time, the most interesting facts of physiology may be taught with success in a perfectly simple manner, provided they be given in the proper order and in their natural relations to each other." This is what the author says he proposes to do; and we find that he is as good as his word.

Professor Dalton finds and explains to us in his introduction that the various animal functions "are naturally arranged in certain groups, which are distinguished from each other by the nature of the acts performed, and the object to be accomplished by them." Accordingly, he divides his subject into four sections, corresponding with these groups of functions. The first section treats of those that "are entirely mechanical in their nature," disposing of the bony framework of the body, the ligaments that bind it together, and the muscles that move it. The second takes up the physico-chemical functions—of nutrition—by which the body is nourished, and renewed from its incessant wear and tear; comprehending the "ingredients and qualities of food, its preparation, digestion, and absorption; the blood and its circulation, respiration, secretion, and the nutrition of animal tissues." From the third section—upon the nervous system—we "learn the action of the senses, of the

will, of the instincts, of many involuntary movements, and of the various operations of the mind." The fourth "relates to the changes in the functions of the body at different ages, to its growth, adolescence, maturity, and development."

One of less experience in such matters than Professor Dalton hardly appreciates the difficulty of imparting instruction in anatomy or physiology; a difficulty that can only be met by presuming the most profound ignorance on the part of the pupil. Professor Dalton is right in taking such ignorance for granted, just as he does want of familiarity with technical terms. Our average anatomical knowledge is not even "skin-deep," if we do know that the heart and lungs are in the chest, and the stomach and several other things lower down. In physiology we are still worse off, if possible; we only recollect the stomach during a fit of indigestion, and recall the liver in connection with the blue-pill. We eat all our lives, yet how many of us have any idea how food nourishes the body?—unless, perchance, we have just followed Jean Macé's wonderful history. And what wonder we turn away from the general run of books on physiology, where, if our curiosity overcomes our discretion, we may read that "food, after mastication and insalivation, is conveyed, by the act of deglutition, from the pharynx through the œsophagus into the stomach, where, after being subjected to the action of the gastric secretion, it passes through the pylorus into the duodenum, to be further acted upon by the hepatic and pancreatic fluids, and"—so forth! This is more than ordinary human nature can stand. Dr. Dalton is aware of our weakness, and makes allowance for it; he keeps his armament of technical terms out of sight, lest we be frightened off by the bare display of his weapons. His anatomical phrases drop in gradually and easily, and are always explained. Brief anatomical descriptions are skilfully introduced in connection with each organ whose functions he teaches. We want to know what an organ is, and where it is, before we can profitably study its function, to find out what it does for us and how it is done. We venture to say that we think no one can read, for example, the chapters on digestion and absorption, without getting a pretty definite idea of these important processes, and of the structure and relations of the organs by which they are carried on. And so it would be with any others of the eighteen chapters by which our author takes us over the whole ground. Of the reliability of the work as a guide, in the matter of actual facts, there is no question; Professor Dalton's name assures us of this. Moreover, he is dealing only with the fundamental principles of the science, now believed to be pretty well understood, and does not enter upon the arena of disputable hypotheses—that middle ground of speculation between absolute fact and entire uncertainty. Discussion of any of the intricate and, as yet, unsolved problems that physiology presents, would be obviously out of place in such a treatise, and we do not notice that such "theories" are brought forward; all is plain sailing. The text is illustrated by numerous cuts, mostly diagrammatic, that convey the clearest possible idea of the subject. There is a clearness and precision about these figures that is in the highest degree satisfactory—a sort of mathematical accuracy being attained by a disregard for unnecessary detail. An excellent feature of the work is found in the list of questions that follows every chapter—carrying out the general design of a text-book. These will be found of great practical assistance to both teacher and pupil. Lest there should be, perchance, anything left unexplained in the body of the work, a glossary of all the technical terms used is appended.

In fine, we regard Dr. Dalton's treatise as nearly perfect as such a work could be made, and cordially recommend it to all interested in the subjects of which it treats. We trust that it may come into general use as an educational work, and exert great influence by awakening an interest in physiology and hygiene, and gratifying the consequent desire for a knowledge of these sciences.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

WOODSIDE AND SEASIDE. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.—There is a charm about this work—the combined production of the sister arts, whose alliance is more than fanciful—which places it high on the list of gift books of the season. The selections, from favorite poets in England and America, have been made with taste, and among the illustrations are some exquisite sketches by artists who are gifted

with the power of embodying the poet's thought and representing nature with that truthfulness which is the essence of the beautiful. From Bryant and Tennyson—whose genius never appears more pleasing or more admirable than in their minor poems, in which, whatever there may be of enthusiasm in character or elevation in sentiment, is expressed by both in language uniformly pure and style carefully finished—we have some exquisite little pieces. Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, find appropriate places in this choice collection; Mary Howitt, whose pictures of natural scenery are always truthful, forms one of the group to which Herrick brings a quaint old-fashioned little offering, together with ancient Izaak Walton to keep him in countenance; and we are glad to see that a place has been assigned to the sad but gifted poet Motherwell, whose love of nature is so tenderly expressed that it would seem he had regarded her as a loved companion who suited the pensive character of his mind, and encouraged him in his favorite reflections. These and many others—some of whom we hope may live long to enjoy the well-earned fruits of their labors, and some who have rested from their work and are ranked among the great ones of all time—serve to encompass this volume with a rare atmosphere of poetic and artistic beauty.

Pictures from Nature. By Mary Howitt. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.—

A pure and womanly mind, a quick fancy, and considerable poetic capacity, hovering between taste and genius, have served in the production of this pretty volume. Retired from the bustle of the world, the race for wealth, and the pursuit of honors, Mrs. Howitt has chosen the best position for that quiet contemplation of nature which her cultivated mind is so capable of enjoying. Surrounded by magnificent subjects for description, she has become closely acquainted with them; even trifles are invested by her with poetical attributes; and she possesses the rare faculty of being minute without becoming either confused or tedious. Each month in the year has its special notice, its appropriate illustration, its bright as well as its clouded aspect, and each suggests some pretty story, some particular occasion for meditation, some little occurrence giving rise to a novel and delightful train of thought. Always pure in sentiment and expression, there is hardly a good quality to which Mary Howitt has not contributed her useful recommendation; her books lend no countenance to vice even in its most refined or agreeable form—she has steered clear of that fatal infection of the present day, that pretended liberality but real licentiousness which is alike detrimental to writers and readers; and, though consistently cheerful, she is religious and thoughtful. Christmas time, when rich and poor, young and old, are alike remembered, forms the subject of the closing chapter of the work, of which—speaking of church on Christmas-day and of its decorations—these are the closing words:

"What a work of love is here! Some holy symbol for sentiment in the whole of it; for all has been deeply studied and lovingly executed. Women and children have worked at it, but chiefly women, who, as they ministered to the Lord when on earth, minister now in the decoration of His temple in this memorial season of His birth, singing aloud in their beautiful mosaics of evergreens and scarlet berries, 'Glory to God in the highest;' calling to all to worship Him who is holy, the Creator of all natural beauty and the dispenser of all good things, who sent His Messiah to give an immortal name to this season, and to kindle the warmth of eternal love in the very heart of frost and desolation, and to breathe through the shadows of the departing year God's eternal benediction.

"Peace on earth and good will to men."

Gems of English Art. With illustrative texts. By Sir Francis Turner Palgrave. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.—To say that the letter-press of this volume is by Sir Francis Turner Palgrave is to say that the criticism is sound and the style charming. The plates, twenty-five in number, are taken from the most distinctive works of the great English painters, Turner, Gainsborough, Danby, Landseer, etc. The greatest care has evidently been taken to render them worthy of their originals, and, if the method by which such ends are sought is open to criticism, the intention, for its frequent utility, is worthy of respect. The attempt to secure greater fidelity in the copy of a painting by adding color to the engraving is one that has always seemed to us extremely hazardous, but it has been persistently made, and it appears to be in accordance with the taste of the day. In this volume it has been done with considerable, and in some cases remarkable, success, and a "Landscape," by Danby, and the "Gates of Cairo," by Roberts, almost reconcile one to a fashion which undoubtedly threatens to supersede the more delicate steel engraving. With figures the color is less successful. The flesh tints are unusually coarse, the texture of the drapery harsh, and the whole composition fre-

quently appears hard when compared with the originals; still, the expression of the faces is sometimes marvellously reproduced, as, for example, in "Country Cousins," "Duncan Gray," and "Malvolio and the Countess." Considered as a selection of faithful copies from the finest paintings that English art has produced, this work is interesting; and regarded merely as a gift book, its handsome binding and high finish will attract the admiration of many who are less able to appreciate its intrinsic artistic worth.

Enid. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.—*Enid* completes the group of Doré's wonderful illustrations to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. No one since Fuseli contributed to the Boydell *Shakespeare* has made us sup so full of horrors as Doré; but in *Enid*, with one exception, he exhibits a more tender spirit, and nothing can excel the softness of the second plate or the repose of the third. The first is one of those daring compositions in which the artist delights and in which he is more than usually successful. But it is idle, in narrow limits, to seek to describe or criticise a work of such world-wide reputation, or to say more than that it forms a worthy completion to the set of which we have had the three preceding volumes. It is a book that as a whole, for beauty of subject, magnificence of illustrations, and finish of detail in printing and engraving, has never, we believe, been surpassed, and one that can scarcely be over-valued in view of its effect as an antidote to the flood of bad chromos, coarse prints, and showily bound trash with which the holiday season always inundates us.

Women of the Old Testament. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.—Imbued with the spirit of illustration which, fortunately for pictorial art, is taking firm possession of American publishers, Messrs. Roberts have brought out a gift book with the ever popular women of the Old Testament as texts to twelve photographs from well-known paintings by Raphael, Guido, Guercino, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Schrader, Hilton, Portaels, Northcote, and Oesterley. The photographs are good of their kind, the letter-press is good of its kind, the binding is worthy of the book, and the whole forms a very acceptable present for the holidays, which should surely be holy days.

The Language of Flowers; or, Floral Emblems of Thoughts, Feelings, and Sentiments. By Robert Tyas, M.A., LL.D., F.R.B.S., etc. With Twelve Colored Groups of Flowers. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.—One of the prettiest and most tasteful among the gift books, this volume seems to us the fullest and clearest exposition of the graceful study it teaches that we have yet seen. Dr. Tyas appears to have taken to his task with the ardor of an enthusiast, and, assisted by the good work always turned out by the publishers, has made a book which, for a present to a lady, is scarcely in its way to be surpassed.

Nothing but Leaves: A Poem. Illuminated by Jean Lee. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead. 1868.—There is a charm in originality, especially when it tends to produce that which is beautiful. Ingenuity has been taxed and inventive genius exhausted in devising new forms of illumination for books. Medieval saints, with impossible hands, set in trellised frameworks of flowers; more recent gnomes and demons of Teutonic origin, with gigantic heads and bodies coming to a vanishing point, have adorned moral and religious poems, and obtained high commendation; but the simple device of adorning many pages with rustic stems on which appear "nothing but leaves" is not only new but exceedingly pretty. The attempt is rather ambitious, but it is decidedly successful. The designs are all very graceful, and the drawing is good; but, although there is much which deserves high commendation, we must take exception to the contrasts, which are violent and unnatural. The tone and harmony of each page is marred not so much by the prevalence of one tint as by the glare and richness of the colors, which seem to disturb the tranquillity of the picture. Nevertheless, the book is exceedingly pretty, the designs are graceful, and the execution of the work deserving of the highest praise.

Painting in France. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday; Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.—Mr. Hamerton writes about art with a breadth of thought and freedom of expression that are rare. Our crowded space precludes any attempt to do justice to this beautiful volume, to which, however, we shall endeavor to recur at the earliest opportunity. At present we will merely

remark that it contains some of the most perfect photographs we have seen. They are from paintings by modern French artists; and to those who have seen the originals the photographs are highly interesting, while to those less fortunate they are even more valuable, since, combined with Mr. Hamerton's brilliant analysis of each artist's style, they furnish almost the only possible substitute for that personal study of choice paintings so important to the formation of taste, and for which we have necessarily in a new country so little opportunity. Few of the gorgeous volumes which have lately appeared are more desirable than this one, and there is none which, for the sake of American art, we should be better pleased to see widely read. Only by the constant perusal of sound criticism can people who are practically unacquainted with art form trustworthy ideas of what is really meritorious, and therefore copies of the finest paintings are of little use without judicious commentary. For such reasons we recommend all who seek to improve their taste to read such books as this of Mr. Hamerton's and Sir F. T. Palgrave's *Gems of English Art*.

A priceless treasure, surely, to any boy so lucky as to get it, is Routledge's *Every Boy's Book*, which really seems to be what its title purports—*A Complete Encyclopedia of Sports and Amusements*. We have certainly never seen any book of the sort at all comparable to it for fulness and clearness of arrangement; and we know of no Christmas gift that most boys would be more delighted to receive. As the editor claims in his preface, the book has been almost entirely rewritten, and the comparatively new diversions of canoeing, croquet, philately, and base-ball are appropriately treated. The illustrations, six hundred in number, though not strikingly artistic, are well adapted to the purposes intended.

Appleton's *Juvenile Annual* for 1869 contains, in very handsome type and binding, a number of stories, poems, and zoological descriptions well calculated to amuse the young. The illustrations appear to be not very well transferred from English originals.

One of the best of the year's books for children that we have seen comes from the London house of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., and is entitled *Clever Dogs, Horses, etc., with Anecdotes of Other Animals*, by Shirley Hibbard. There is nothing that the young folks take more interest in than the doings of their four-footed friends, and Mr. Hibbard has catered well for their gratification. The drawings, by Mr. Weir, show considerable skill in catching animal expression, and have lost nothing in the hands of the engraver. The beauty of the volume is not enhanced by three or four coarsely-printed pages of advertisements tacked to the end.

THE MAGAZINES.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January begins the New (Magazine) Year with all sorts of pleasant promises, which, better still, seem likely to be carried out. Certainly we have not seen many better numbers than this. Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, opens with all the piquancy and freshness which his little prose sketch in a late number of *The Atlantic*, called, if we mistake not, *A Desperate Character*, showed him to possess. The only fault we find with it is, that its peculiar excellence is one that grown people will be apt to appreciate better than the young folks. The hero's name is Tom Bailey; is it, then, to be an autobiography? *The Story of the Golden Christmas Tree* is just such a charming fairy tale as Mrs. Diaz might be expected to write; and *Kitty: a Fairy Tale of Nowadays*, by Aunt Fanny, barring the faint snuffle in the moral, is pretty good too. Then there is a delightful visit to the glassmakers in company with Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, and very good company he proves himself to be, while Mrs. Agassiz makes science almost as good fun as the circus in her short paper about *The World we Live In*. *The Diverting History of Little Whiskey* is a continuation of Mrs. Stowe's investigations of *Queer Little People*, and does not belie its name. *The Beautiful Gate* we don't greatly fancy in its present place; though it would make an admirable tract, and would fit excellently in Sunday-school libraries between *The Christian Bootblack* and *The Evangelical Washerwoman*. The poetry is by Mrs. Mulock Craik and Mrs. Prescott Spofford, and is distinguished by the characteristic excellences of those two ladies. Of the illustrations the one entitled *I Had to Mind my Baby*, by Miss Patterson, seems to us the best; the child's pose is especially good. Dr. Hayes, the Arctic voyager, is honored with a steel portrait and a brief sketch, which is no unmerited tribute to the author of *Cast Away in the Cold*. *The Evening Lamp* shines as brightly as ever, and there are lots of famous rebuses and conundrums to enliven the long holiday evenings.

There is some thoroughly good matter in the new number of Putnam's. Mr. Bryant's *Among the Trees* is in his best vein, and it is delightful to see that he retains the power to get oint it. *The Battle of Plattsburg Bay* is an unpublished

manuscript—otherwise a lecture written for delivery before the Historical Society—of Mr. Cooper's, and what is given of it is interesting. But after reading the prefatory matter and making up his mind for the fight, the reader comes to the following: "[We omit the details of the engagement, which Mr. Cooper relates with great minuteness.—Editor.]"—which is striking Hamlet out of the play most unequivocally. Mr. Colgate's *Steam Travel in Cities* is a careful, comprehensive, and very useful paper, which should be read by every one who travels in street-cars. There are, beside, several other papers which deserve attention that our space forbids us at present to bestow.

The conductors of *The Galaxy* have published an excellent number, which boasts, as well as Putnam's, a contribution from Mr. Bryant. Mr. Eugene Benson furnishes a somewhat singular paper about Mr. W. H. Hurlbut; Mr. Justin McCarthy a very readable essay about Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Stuart Mill, and Mr. E. C. Stedman a gracefully written and extremely interesting one about people who have gained fame by writing single fugitive poems. Mr. R. H. Stoddard gives his mite in the shape of two pretty but sad little verses—like most of his productions, all too brief. His honor the Mayor elect affords a quaint and striking picture of some of his experiences in "Crime-land," and Mr. Richard Grant White supplies his usual excellently written quantum of matter about words. Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun does not yet possess that knowledge of the stage which might render her criticisms either interesting or instructive, and her style is at times sadly exaggerated. Mr. John Esten Cooke has a graphic bit of description in the *Miscellany*, and the instalments of fiction which begin and end the magazine are apparently of average merit.

The new magazine promised by Captain Mayne Reid, and which he has christened *Onward*, has made its appearance. It is well calculated to catch the general eye, is cheap yet well gotten up, and, from a cursory examination, we should say that the contents are excellently adapted to please a large body of miscellaneous readers. We advise the editor, however, to be cautious about overdoing his "buncombe." There are plenty of people to see the ludicrous side of this kind of thing even among us Americans.

The widely popular *Harper's* is out stronger and fuller of pictures than ever for the holidays. Mr. Du Chaillu figures in a style that must be perfectly delightful to the young folks. There is a very nice *Sauter on the South Coast of England*, well illustrated and instructively written. The miscellaneous papers are of more than common merit, and *The Editor's Easy Chair*—how pleasant it is to be able to say it—tells us throughout how cultivated, tasteful, and kind-hearted a gentleman it is that sits in it. The magazine begins the year, we are pleased to know, with a subscription list much larger than ever.

Lippincott's for January being professedly a holiday number is hardly amenable to the strict rules of rigid criticism. The golden light of this gracious time lends to everything in any way connected with it a glory that transfigures it and lifts it beyond the touch of our rude censure. But at any other time we should not be satisfied thus lightly to touch the weakness of a number which opens the third volume of this magazine with not only no improvement, but a positive deterioration that was scarcely to be looked for at its auspicious beginning. And as we then felt it our duty to accord the praise it deserved, so now we are only withheld by the consideration we have mentioned from giving still more merited blame. There is not a paper in the number that deserves notice unless it be Karl Blind's discussion of the future of Spain, and the rather curious account of *The Secret Agent*. *Justice for Blue-Beard* might have been made funny if the execution had been better and if the whole idea had not been unfortunately anticipated by Thackeray, as its author may find by consulting *The Early and Late Papers*. *Poems for a Golden Wedding* are pretty as such things go; and *The Monthly Gossip* is fair—for a Christmas number. The editor of *Literature of the Day* would do well to study punctuation or Latin, or both, before attempting again to print *Lauriger Horatius*, from which he has neatly contrived to eliminate most of the sense. For example,

"Fugit Euro citius,
Tempus edax rerum,"

where subject and verb are for ever divorced by the superfluous comma; or the last stanza, which, as punctuated, we defy its author himself to understand:

"Quid juvat eternitas
Nominis amare,
Nisi terræ filias
Licet et potare."!

No wonder poor Mr. Fitch, whose so-called translation is appended, made so poor a fist of it, if this was the way he read it in 1840. *Lippincott* must do better than this if it means to retain the high rank we gave it at the beginning.

The Catholic World for January is an unusually good number, with a table of contents that mingles the grave and gay in due proportion. Among so many good things it is hard to say which is best; doubtless the greater number of readers will be interested in the paper on Galileo, which gives of the great astronomer what, to Protestants, must seem a novel picture. Of the stories, *Out of the Depths* seems to us best; though the fault with all the tales in this magazine is a too general tendency to make them excuses for sermons on Catholic doctrine. The serial, *The Invasion*, which is admirably translated from the French of Erickmann-

Chatrian, grows in interest; and we are glad to see that the editor has taken the hint we gave in speaking of *The Conscript*, and concluded that the faith will not suffer from his giving to authors he borrows from the credit which is all the remuneration they probably get, and the least they could ask. The poetry—but need we say anything of *The Catholic World's* poetry? In this number, however, we must make honorable exception of Dr. Parson's graceful translation of the thirteenth sonnet of the *Vita Nuova*. The literary notices would be better if their editor had more taste and less prejudice.

The Month for November is as thoughtful and interesting as ever. The ablest paper in the number is probably that on *The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius*; the most entertaining is the first of a series on *The Life and Genius of Steele*, which strives to do tardy justice to the richness and variety of an intellect whose real brilliancy was overshadowed and obscured by the fortuitous glitter which Steele's own generous modesty, as much as anything, helped to give to the name of Addison. A magazine like *The Month* is apt to be underrated or entirely overlooked in the presence of so many more pretentious and attractive rivals; but to a philosophic and reflecting reader there are few which give greater satisfaction.

LIBRARY TABLE.

LIFE OF MARK M. ("BRICK") POMEROY, Editor of *The La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat*, and of *The Democrat, Daily, New York City*. A Representative Young Man of America; His Early History, Character, and Public Services in Defence of the Rights of States, Rights of the People, and Interests of Working-men. Prepared, from materials furnished by Mr. Pomeroy and others, by Mrs. Mary E. Tucker. With a Steel Portrait. New York: G. W. Carleton; London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1868.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We make our lives sublime;"

and as Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, better known as "Brick," appears to be regarded as a great man by himself and others, including Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, it is probably as well that we should have a life by such competent hands. We know of no one, indeed, to whom this "laudable work," as Mr. Pomeroy himself, with just self-appreciation, calls it in his beautiful introductory letter, could more appropriately have been entrusted. Indeed, between the biographer and her subject we find many points of resemblance. If Mr. Pomeroy, for example, is a poet, Mrs. Tucker's account of him shows her to be endowed with the highest quality of imagination; if Mr. Pomeroy is a humorist, Mrs. Tucker's book is one of the very funniest we ever read; if Mr. Pomeroy sometimes writes ungrammatically, Mrs. Tucker never by any chance writes otherwise; and so on. Admirers of the great "Brick" may, therefore, be assured of finding ample justice done to their favorite in Mrs. Tucker's glowing biography. Perhaps they may have reason to complain that she has not described with more minuteness of detail those private peculiarities and personal habits which every American hero-worshipper naturally looks for in any account of his hero. To be sure it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Pomeroy stands five feet eight inches (whether in his boots or stockings the fair biographer omits to specify) and measures forty-three inches around the chest; that he has "a tremendous brow, with a forehead as fine and white as that of a girl;" that "his lips are full but refined and pure;" that "his ears are large [long?]; and indicate the democratic element in his character," and that "in the pupil of his left eye there is a red brick which grows darker and more fiery when Mr. Pomeroy is politically excited." This is all very well so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. What we want to know is, what Mr. Pomeroy usually takes, and how often he takes it; whether he uses a toothpick or a fork; whether he eats peas with a knife; how often he has a red brick in his hat, and who attends to his washing. These are the details which after all reveal a man's true greatness, and which Mr. Pomeroy and others would doubtless have furnished as freely as any other part of the information from which Mrs. Tucker compiled her fascinating memoir. Barring this blemish and a certain exuberant though, perhaps, pardonable enthusiasm, which sometimes leads the fair biographer into statements that seem almost hyperbolic, as when she says that "Mr. Pomeroy has attained as high a position as an editor as it is possible for a man to reach"—there was Haman, now—and an apparently unnecessary degree of virulence against those poor Republicans—who are, after all, no worse than men must necessarily be who read *The Tribune*—Mrs. Tucker's biography is quite as entertaining and very nearly as truthful as most other things of the sort. Her style is characterized by sweetness and simplicity which suggest nothing so forcibly as mush and molasses, and her taste is quite equal to her style. As *The La Crosse Democrat* circulates something less than half a million copies, it is altogether probable that Mrs. Tucker will make quite a pretty penny from her labors, and that the fame and name and girth of the eminent "Brick" will be borne to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Regina, and Other Poems. By Eliza Cruger. New York: G. W. Carleton; London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1868.—In this rather compact volume Miss (or Mrs.) Cruger treats a number of the old familiar topics, *The Old Year and the New, Sorrow, Broken Hearts, Untold Love, Spring*, etc.,

June, etc., *Roses*, etc., *June*, etc., in the old familiar way. Very old ladies who still cherish a fondness for Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney, and very young ladies who read *The Ledger* and write for *The Waverley*, will doubtless find it entertaining. For our own part we still prefer Shakespeare and Dr. Titcomb, but we are quite ready to agree with Mrs. (or is it Miss?) Cruger that our taste may be none of the best. And if we can't conscientiously praise her poetry, there is one point on which we may compliment her unreservedly: that is on a working acquaintance with the classics which few ladies possess and many scholars might envy. Scarcely the great Bentley himself could have reconstructed Virgil with greater intrepidity than the author of *Regina* exhibits in printing on her 349th page these mellifluous verses:

"Facilis descensus
Avernum. Sed revocare gramum
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

It is only fair to add that we have not read *Regina*, which stretches to the appalling length of 120 pages, and which for aught we know may be very fine indeed. If any reader has further doubt on the point we respectfully refer him to Mrs.—Miss Cruger for further information.

The Uncommercial Traveller, and additional Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., successors to Ticknor & Fields. 1869.—This is the fourteenth and concluding volume of the Charles Dickens edition which, as we have before said, is in many respects one of the best we have seen. The additional Christmas stories in the present volume comprise many of the latest and most amusing of the series. Among these are *Somebody's Luggage*, *Mrs. Livriper's Lodgings* and *Mrs. Livriper's Legacy*, *Dr. Marigold*, that inimitable *Boy at Rugby*, *The Seven Poor Travellers*, and *The Holly Tree*. The illustrations are of varying mediocrity, and the book is encumbered with thirty-six pages of catalogue which most purchasers, we fancy, would prefer to get separately. The practice of disfiguring books with price-lists and advertisements of the publisher is one that we do not greatly fancy, though we are as little inclined to waste on it an inevitably futile opposition. When a house of such proverbial taste and liberality as Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have always shown gives way to these profitable vulgarisms, it is perhaps time to shrug one's shoulders and hold one's peace. If the reading public, however, would resolutely refuse to buy any book so disfigured, it might go far toward amending the evil.

The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking. By Edward W. Cox. Reprinted from the London Edition. New York: Carleton. 1868.—We opened this book quite prepared to find it one of the many catch-penny and ephemeral productions which affect to teach by rule those special things which, apart from genius, are only to be attained by long thought, hard practice, and sharp experience, and we laid it down agreeably disappointed. The book is a thoroughly good one, and Mr. Carleton deserves credit, of a kind he does not always strive for, for putting it before the American public. Mr. Cox gives the student not empirical rules which lead to mere artificiality, and whose observance works untold mischief to our pulpit, bar, press, and stage, but the fruits of a long and conscientious process of self-teaching, undertaken by a cultivated man who had arrived at the sensible conclusion that, in these particular departments in which he sought to excel, nature, hard work, and close observation are the safest guides. We are no great believers in self-teaching as a rule; but some reflection and experience have led us to believe that, if anywhere, in these branches we may admit exceptions. We heartily commend Mr. Cox's book to all who are trying to make themselves writers, readers, or speakers. There are very few among them who will not be benefited by it.

The Philosophy of Domestic Life. By W. H. Byford, M.D., of Chicago, Ill. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.—Some of the crying dangers and evils of modern and of American social life are clearly exposed in this slight volume. Even from a merely social point of view, its lessons, though not enforced by the highest literary skill, are worthy of heed; how much more from the Christian view of the family state! Wealth, ease, indolence, and the demands of fashion tend to the deterioration of domestic life. Fathers and mothers agree in virtually destroying their own offspring! Here is one of the radical sins of modern society, carefully but decidedly unveiled in this volume. It is a plea for the sanctity and rights of the family against the usurpations of fashionable and social life.

The Comedy of Canonization; in Four Scenes. New York: Pott & Amery.—This seems to be intended as a counterpart to the witty *Comedy of Convocation* ascribed, without much reason, to Father Newman; but in skill and wit it is hardly equal to its Catholic rival, although superior to it in its solid religious contents. Apart from this comparison, it is a sharp and entertaining satire on the recent Papal canonization of Japanese martyrs or confessors, whose real history, we trust, is better known at the Vatican than to this writer. The point on which the author so much insists, that the names of these new Japanese saints were not known to, or were otherwise given by, M. Crémieux-Joly, in his learned *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, hardly has the importance here ascribed to it; for names—especially Japanese—are freely changed when transferred from one language to another. Though we confess that if we were inclined to invoke the saints, instead of God, we should be

brought into some confusion in the cases of St. Jerome, St. Peter, St. James, St. Nicholas, etc., now numbered among the Japanese martyrs, for we would much rather have the intercession of the primitive than of the Japanese confessors; and as to St. Jehosaphat Kunevich (or Kuniwicz, alias Runiwicz, alias Runczewich), we should hardly dare, until better informed, to call upon him for succor or mediation. The Roman Catholic calendar of saints in the fifty-four volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, now republishing at Paris, already confuses us, without the addition of St. Peter de Arbucq, St. Nicholas Piché, St. Godefroid de Mervall, St. Germana Cousin, from the Japanese records. Peace be with them, and with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity!

The Holy Communion: its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Third Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication House. 1868.—The Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in its English representatives, has done good service in the cause of Roman Catholicism; and one of the best things it has produced is this treatise of Dalgairns, which has also been translated into the French, German, and Italian languages. Some of its phrases and idioms look as though they were transferred into English and not born of the native dialect—such as "essentialness of extension," "ontological," and the like. Apart from these verbal defects, it is an ingenious, if not solid, defence of the Roman Catholic dogma of the eucharist, quite free from the usual personalities of controversy. Its main position is that matter, in its essence, may be unextended, according to the verdict of recent speculation as well as to the theory of eminent Roman Catholic theologians; and, consequently, that there is no *a priori* objection to the Catholic theory of the eucharist. There still remains, of course, the question about the positive Scriptural evidence for transubstantiation as a fact. The state of the controversy, however, as it now stands, is here fairly presented from the Roman Catholic point of view. The practical part of the volume contains much that may be of service to all who in faith receive the sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

Ecce Calum; or, Parish Astronomy. In Six Lectures. By a Connecticut Pastor. [The Rev. E. F. Burr.] Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1869.—Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Stearns, of Amherst, *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, *The New Englander*, etc., unite in their praise of this work as "admirable," "remarkable," "wonderful," etc. Why is the name of the author left out on the title-page and given in the advertisements? This is a kind of modesty which is really past finding out. The work itself is eloquent in style and description, fervent and reverent, and teaches astronomy as related to natural theology (even after Chalmers and Mitchell) in a glowing and elevated way. The marvels of the starry frame have seldom been set forth in more fitting speech. It is a good commentary on the sublime text: "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth forth His handiwork."

The Harvester; or Gathering the Ripened Crops in Every Homestead, leaving the Unripe to Mature. By a Merchant. Boston: Wm. White & Co., Banner of Light Office. New York Branch Office, 554 Broadway. 1868.—The object of this little volume, "by a mechanic and trader," seems to be to reconcile modern "spiritualism" with the teachings of Christ. The writer says: "It will be the ultima ratio of all science and philosophy that the teachings of Jesus Christ are in strict accordance with all the discovered laws of nature; and, in their spiritual application to the intellectual growth of man, must lead to the very presence-chambers of infinite wisdom." This sound truth is here, however, somewhat partially and unmethodically applied.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MICHEL LEVY, FRERES, Paris.—La Géographie du Talmud. Mémoire couronné par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres. Par Adolphe Neubauer. 1868.
LEVY & HOLT, New York. Tobacco and Alcohol. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., New York. 1868.
GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—Gems of English Art of this Century. Twenty-four Pictures from National Collections. Printed in colors by Leighton Brothers. With illustrative texts by Francis Turner Palgrave. Pp. vi, 144. 1869.
Every Boy's Book: A Complete Encyclopedia of Sports and Amusements. Edited by Edmund Routledge. Pp. xvi, 816. 1869.
The Spectator. A new Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Index by Henry Morley. Pp. xxiv, 919. 1869.
The Doctor's Ward: A Tale for Girls. Pp. 396. 1868.
The Boy Foresters: A Tale of the Days of Robin Hood. By Anne Bowman. Pp. 413.
The Language of Flowers; or, Floral Emblems of Thoughts, Feelings, and Sentiments. By Robert Tyas. 1869.
Pictures from Nature. By Mary Howitt. With twelve illustrations beautifully printed in colors. Pp. 72. 1869.
End. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Pp. 107. 1869.
S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., London.—Clever Dogs, Horses, etc.: with Anecdotes of other Animals. By Shirley Hibbard. Pp. viii, 128.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Apache Country: A Tour through Arizona and Sonora. By J. Ross Browne. Pp. 535. 1869.
Wild Life under the Equator. By Paul du Chaillu. Pp. 321. 1869.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—Laughter Book for Little Folks, and The Tail of a Mouse.
DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Philadelphia.—Nothing but Leaves: A Poem. Illustrated by Jean Lee. 1869.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Search After Truth. Addressed to Young Men. By George W. Eggleston. Pp. 269. 1869.
FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.—Saul: A Drama, in Three Parts. New and Revised Edition. By Charles Heyesge. 1869.
ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Doctor Jacobs. By M. Benham Edwards. Handy Volume Series. Pp. 375. 1869.
Realmah. By Arthur Helps. A Book about Dominies. 1869.
Painting in France. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. 1869.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—A Few Friends, and How they Amused Themselves: A Tale in Nine Chapters. By M. E. Dodge. Pp. 183. 1869.

PAMPHLETS.

We have received current numbers of The Catholic World, The Old Guard, The Eclectic, Harper's Magazine, Demorest's, Young America, American Literary Gazette and Publisher's Guide; The People's Magazine. Hours at Home; The Texas Almanac for 1869; Juvenile Picture Books published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

BEAUTY AND USE.

EVERYBODY, consciously or unconsciously, loves beauty, and desires in the commonest articles of household service to see some touch of gold or gleam of color, for the reason, no doubt, that they seem a faint reflex of the universal light and varied hues of which nature is so prodigal. This strong desire to please the eye has birth in an instinct which, like other instincts, may become vitiated and gratify itself in unwholesome ways, unless it be trained and cautiously guided until it has developed into an appreciative faculty. Mere barbaric instinct is the rough groundwork upon which we build up fastidious taste; that complex, indefinite, fluctuating, and yet dominant result of education and refinement, which is formed by learning and yet influenced by fashion; that spirit which floats above the stern technicalities of arts and laws, as if it were their sublimated essence; that sense of fitness which is yet often capricious, and sometimes false; which is universally assumed, generally conceded, and most rarely possessed; that power, light, intangible, terrible as the winds, and as necessary to intellectual as they are to physical life.

The education of national taste has always, and justly, been regarded as a matter of importance, and has been more or less considered in the erection of public buildings and in the encouragement of the higher branches of art. How little art in its loftiest sense has to do with national taste is a question that has but lately been agitated to any extent in Europe. There, it now appears to have dawned upon the minds of some committees of taste, or managers of schools of design, that the occasional sight of a huge building, or of several large pictures, can have but transient influence on the minds of laborious people, whose eyes are accustomed to objects which convey to them totally different lessons. Prizes have recently been given for designs in nearly all materials and for almost all uses, and doubtless in our imported wares of every kind there is some good effect. But, fortunately, there are a few things for which we do not depend upon foreign markets, and as our government has not yet found it expedient to establish any comprehensive system for developing artistic taste, or to lower the price of beautiful and instructive articles by permitting free commerce, the only hope for the æsthetic culture of the masses in this respect lies in the action of our wealthier manufacturers. Some desultory efforts have been made in a right direction, but those have been aimed rather for the improvement of our luxuries than our necessities.

It is in the metal-work, in the delf and common wood-work of daily use, that our poverty of taste is so conspicuous that, if a thing is very durable, it seems to be commonly held to be an adequate excuse for its ugliness. Those who wrought iron in the middle ages did not think thus of their work, but produced designs which are to-day almost worth their weight in gold; more than worth it to those who rate the skill of the workman or the art of the designer higher than the scarcity of the metal. In some things we all appreciate this. No one values a picture or a statue for its material; but descend a step, and it does not seem to many people worth while to make a thing beautiful unless it is of such expensive stuff that but a happy few can ever hope to possess it. The two virtues claimed for all of the thousand things made of cast-iron, from a stove or a bedstead to a match-box, are durability and the possibility of indefinite reproduction; and these are considered by their manufacturers to compensate for their exceeding hideousness. But surely a sense of responsibility must weigh upon them, and even upon the vendors of things which go through the length and breadth of the land and remain permanent destroyers of the untutored taste of thousands. Of all the homes in this country how few contain any really beautiful objects, how few of their inmates are ever able to see any tolerable works of art, and how many derive their sole ideas of such things through gazing upon the convolutions of ornament displayed upon their cast-iron heat-generator! That such things are indispensable is surely a strong reason for bettering their appearance, rather than for allowing them to add one more to the many small drawbacks to progress which press so hardly upon an overworked people, or, at least, deprive them of a portion of that refined and subtle pleasure which, coming from harmonious surroundings, brightens the spirits like sunshine.

A chair or a bedstead which is to be multiplied indefinitely should be the design of artistic taste, not a mere frame, covered with twists and twirls, to hide that plainness which is always the terror of uneducated taste, and that ugliness of form which too often justifies it. As a question of profit, manufacturers may say that things which are absolutely necessary will sell if ever so ugly; but this is one of those bits of practical common sense which are used to silence dissatisfaction, and which certainly admit of no reply, because they have never been fairly tested by the comparison of opposite policy. Persons of educated taste will certainly buy pretty things of preference, and those less fortunate will follow their lead in that and other respects as fast as they can, and the manufacturer who should secure

some really fine designs for articles of domestic use would probably gain in a pecuniary sense, while conferring an inestimable benefit upon that large body of unfortunate people for whom nothing pretty seems at present ever to be made. The rich have an unceasing stream of charming inutilities poured into their lap, and many even of the needful objects they daily look at have some pretension to beauty; but folk of limited means seem doomed to dwell among imperishable hideousness for the term of their natural lives. Not always imperishable either, for dishes and pitchers rapidly pass away, but only to be succeeded by others equally round, white, and uninteresting.

In the ceramic arts a great improvement was promised a few years since, but it did not work downwards sufficiently to have permanent effect on the indispensable plates and dishes in daily use among the mass. The rock of offence which stands in the way of improvement in such matters is the constant and arbitrary combination of the two ideas of beauty and riches. Rich people can alone afford to buy beautiful things; and so, for rich people alone beautiful things are made. Such is the habit of thought which, having its root in a false conception of beauty, does not appreciate the higher excellence of form, but is devoted to ornament or dwells only on the value of material. Such barbarism has provoked the contemptuous criticism of artists time out of mind, but, unhappily, almost in vain; for though a spasmodic attempt to lead, or rather to awaken, public taste, is often made, it is seldom sustained. If our great iron-workers would regard this potent truism in art, that substance is of less importance than form, before casting their next batch of domestic altars, it would go far to educate our swelling population into something like conscious attention to such matters. In earthenware, too, we are in a lamentable condition. Our own is thoroughly bad, with some small exceptions of work executed for certain firms, and we depend upon the large European potteries, which, if they do turn out things that are cheap and pretty, appear to keep them strictly for home use. It is high time that some patriotic dealers should take these matters in hand, for we are fast learning the worst extremes of profuse decoration in rich material and bare ugliness, or basest imitation, in all inferior ware. There should be, and to the rightly constituted mind there is, an inexpressible pleasure in the creation of beautiful objects from humble materials. It is a process typical of the good in time to be effected by drawing the attention of the less educated and fortunate classes from wretched simulations of lavishly-adorned originals, which in losing their costliness lose all their charm.

TABLE-TALK.

IN presenting to us *Les Bavards*, Mr. Bateman appears to have been actuated by an honorable desire to prove that the same elements of capital acting and charming music which made the success of Offenbach's other pieces will win equal favor, though unaided by those piquant freedoms on which so much stress has been laid, and to which, in the opinion of inconsiderate persons, they owe all their popularity. It has been gravely said that Offenbach is the worst, and therefore the most popular, composer in Europe; but nothing is popular and successful simply because it is bad, and if Offenbach is not the best composer—as indeed he is not—he is certainly the most ingenious constructor of music now living. What gift he has of originality lies mostly in his use of rhythm, and in those unexpected and rapid changes of rhythm which have always been a peculiarity of French music. Other musical caricaturists have contented themselves with exaggerating a stilted recitative, and adapting doggerel verses to well-known airs; Offenbach has not shrunk from the labor of writing a really correct and orderly score in which, without a bar being copied, he produces an effect whimsically travestying that of legitimate opera. *Les Bavards* is an operetta of the same kind as *Don Pasquale*, the story being a mere trifle, but affording situations which Offenbach has turned to account with great cleverness. One song is accompanied by the clinking of money; the scene in which the hero's creditors severally advance their claims is quite as good as the corresponding one in *Martha* where the servant girls set forth their qualifications, and there is a quartette in canon form sung over a dinner-table which is not only a capital imitation of the Italian style previous to Rossini, but is so graceful and melodious in itself that we would wish it to be set to English words and naturalized in all drawing-rooms. The operetta is played nightly, and will, we are sure, bear being frequently heard.

THE matter of reforming the abuses of the franking privilege again comes up in the public prints. Simpler than most questions, the way to solve this depends only upon the will to do it. If restrictions are desired, the frank might be made to cover only written matter, and that to the extent of say an ounce in weight; yet it is really idle to discuss the reform of abuse of a system which itself is nothing but an abuse of trust. The franking privilege, as long practised and sanctioned by usage, only shows that men like to be comfortable, and that it is unsafe in principle to allow them to prescribe their own wages and privileges. There is not enough delicacy in consciences nowadays to restrict the employment of the frank to what is strictly public business, as was originally intended; but the Presidential election being just over, it would seem to require less self-denial on

the part of congressmen to abolish the system now than at any other time. We are not at all sanguine of seeing it done; but if the members now sitting cannot bring themselves to lop off the abuse—not the abuses of the abuse—at once, it could be done gradually and without much sacrifice. For instance, as it is hardly to be supposed that men will care much about the comforts of their successors, Congress might enact that no new member yet to be chosen shall be entitled to the use of the frank. In this easy way the gradual abolition of the system might be provided, and as subsequent Congresses would hardly care to restore it to their successors, and might hardly venture to restore it to themselves, the abolition might stand perpetual.

THE first free public concert, "by authority of the City Council," was given on Friday evening of last week, at the Music Hall in Boston, on the great organ. Since the instrument was placed there, now about five years, semi-weekly performances have been given, at an admission charge of fifty cents to one dollar; now the city government, appropriating therefor an amount which we have not chanced to see stated, give the educational and pleasurable benefits of the organ to anybody who chooses to attend for the purpose, no tickets being used and the doors being closed after the hall is comfortably full—the last-named regulation being one well worth copying. In New York there is no such large hall, and there is no great organ. There is not even a free public library, for the Astor is available only to persons of leisure or those occupied in professional study. There is not a single free public bath; and although there is plenty of water, for the few drinking fountains yet erected the city is indebted to Mr. Bergh. Except the Park, which is reached only at the expense of an hour's torture, and the Independence-Day fireworks for which the Common Council appropriates some thousands, giving only a very short and incomplete satisfaction to all persons except those who get the job of supplying them, there is nothing free and public in New York. Yet the spending of money is certainly free enough, and the tax levy deals in very round numbers. To expect that any great public benefit will be provided by our Common Council is of course quite idle; the library scheme has been repeatedly tried at the City Hall in vain, and the others have never been proposed, so far as our recollection goes. Private munificence and far-sighted wisdom must supply these wants, if they are supplied. There are men who might do it out of their millions, and might thereby win an honorable fame and a priceless inward satisfaction.

WITH the shivers of incoming winter come shudders to the persons, comparatively few in number, who have not yet quite forgotten the horrible martyrdom to American recklessness endured last winter by so many hapless victims in the railroad cars at Angola, Carr's Rock, and elsewhere. To be crushed is bad enough, but to be roasted alive is now the fate of passengers in railway disasters. The recent appalling affair on the Ohio River recalls to remembrance the calamities of last winter, but there is not the smallest reason for not expecting a renewal of them. The lesson does not seem to have been heeded. More cars will be thrown from the track in cold weather than in warm, by the operation of natural forces; but no provision has been made to lessen the dreadful consequences. In the construction of cars hardly any advance has been made in many years, although the expense and gorgeousness of upholstery have been increased. Passengers are still hurried through space enclosed in a simple box on wheels, containing a red-hot stove, in obedience to an unwise demand that cars shall be kept as warm as houses. American ingenuity has not yet contrived, or the avarice of stock-jobbing managers has not yet consented to adopt, any better mode of heating than this primitive and dangerous one. The true plan, however, to properly warm the car and to secure better air at the same time, is to take out the stoves altogether and give up the idea of heating. People will ride for hours in an open sleigh without fire, and yet expect to find a railroad car, on entering it, as warm as a parlor. A season's experience would teach them better. The feet should be kept warm, and the rest of the person should be protected by ample wrappings; this can be done by using cylinders filled with hot water and changed at the stations. By this simple process we may escape the dangers of fire, even if still exposed to those of collision and overthrow.

WE are glad to see so excellent a report of the progress of the Central Pacific Railroad as the Special Commissioners, recently appointed, have just made to the Secretary of the Interior. They say that the road is now well and substantially built to Wadsworth, on the Truckee River, 189 miles from Sacramento, except two bridges now nearly finished. Grades and curves are within the limits, and the locations are satisfactory. The rails weigh fifty-six to sixty-four pounds to the lineal yard. The ties are of sound timber and are of full size, and are laid at the rate of twenty-four hundred to the mile. The track is firmly laid and ballasted; the culverts and bridge foundations are of heavy granite masonry. The bridges are of Howe's truss pattern, well framed and ironed. The tunnels are sixteen feet wide. About twenty miles on the summit of the Sierras are covered with snow-sheds. Passenger trains can run from fifteen to thirty miles per hour safely and smoothly. The equipment of rolling stock, engine-houses, and machine-shops is fully equal to the demands of the traffic. Seventy-nine locomotives are running on the road and eighty more are on the way. On the new portion of the road along the Hum-

boldt Valley the cross-ties, bridges, and rails are up to the standard. There are a few minor defects—not of vital importance—in culverts, drains, width of embankment and ballast, but these can be remedied at small cost when the hurry of pushing forward the road is over. Heavy trains of rails, ties, and fuel are running safely to the extreme end of the road, 445 miles from Sacramento. The Commissioners add that the road is being constructed in good faith, in a substantial manner, without stint of labor, material, or equipment, and is worthy of its character as a great national work.

A WEEKLY contemporary informs its readers that "Mr. Dorsey Gardner has left *The Round Table*." The statement is inaccurate. Mr. Gardner has sold his stock in *The Round Table* association, but the paper will continue to have the advantage of that gentleman's literary services.—A daily contemporary informs its readers that "The Round Table passes under new management both in its editorial and business department." This also is inaccurate. *The Round Table*, in each and all its departments, remains permanently under the same management that has directed it since the summer of 1866.

It is a curious circumstance that Boston should have gone Republican by several thousand majority within a few weeks, and yet have rejected Kimball, the Republican candidate for mayor, the other day, in favor of Dr. Shurtleff—the Democratic magistrate already in possession of the office. Kimball is a sort of Boston Barnum, very self-seeking and cunning, an habitual rider of hobbies and touter for isms for the sake of political or social advancement, and this looks very much as if Boston had found him out. We shall be glad to regard it as an indication that the old Commonwealth is

struggling out of its some time subjection to hypocrisy and humbug. It is none too soon.

A HOUSE that can publish in a single list of its season's publications such a catalogue of eminent names as is given in the current advertisement of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. deserves unusual and hearty complimentary acknowledgment. Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning, Lowell, and Whittier among the poets; Dickens, Hawthorne, Mitchell, Hayes, and Parton among the prose writers; to say nothing of others, less known to fame but of bright promise, make up a goodly company indeed, and one that gives assurance that the old-time reputation of this excellent house is to be raised, not lowered, by those who have assumed sole control of its future. It affords us very sincere gratification to be able to say that the evidences of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s liberality to authors which have lately reached our ears are such as to call for the appreciation and support of all who desire the encouragement of American literature. We have known before that foreigners had no reason to complain, as Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have long been known as one of the very few publishing firms that has ever made any allowance whatever in cases where legal copyright was not exigible, and as their successors are safe not to fall short of the old house in generosity. We rejoice to give praise heartily where praise is due, and to say not only, with *The Boston Journal*, that the establishment of such an establishment as that of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. is a credit to Boston, but that it is a credit to the whole country.

THE idea of having an illustrated paper in which the pictures shall be colored is a novelty indeed, and might well be supposed to be impossible. Yet the new weekly, *The Illuminated Western World*, attempts nothing less, and

the proprietors, Messrs. French & Wheat, promise to make their enterprise a permanent one. The first number, which has already been issued, is quite a curiosity in its way, and the illustrations are much better than we should have expected to see them.

THE editor of *The Evangelist* considers the attack made upon the junior editor of that paper in a recent number of *The Independent* "as the most scurrilous article that we have ever seen in all our connection with journalism, at least outside of the 'Satanic press.'" *The Evangelist* might have spared the exception; the article was excessively gross, and *The Independent* deserves the censure of every decent member of the editorial profession.

A CURIOUS and interesting paper on *American Torpedo Warfare* appears in *Fraser's Magazine* for December.

MR. SMALLEY, who appropriately represents *The New York Tribune* in London, has written a letter, with a view to make himself as conspicuous as possible, to *The Daily News* about Mr. Reverdy Johnson. Whereupon the editor of *The Daily News*, who does not seem to share in *The Tribune's* appreciation of Mr. Smalley, administers a snub which any one but a *Tribune* correspondent would be extremely likely to remember.

MR. STORY'S *Graffiti d'Italia* is very appreciatively and thoroughly dealt with by a reviewer in *The Spectator*, who sets out by saying that the first criticism that will strike any reader of the volume will be, that its best part looks, to a casual eye, like the creation of Mr. Browning, and ends by saying that on the whole the great sculptor may fairly claim to have proved poetic power, but scarcely to have proved that he is a poet, even in the sense in which Browning is a great poet—the sense of an imaginative seer.

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